

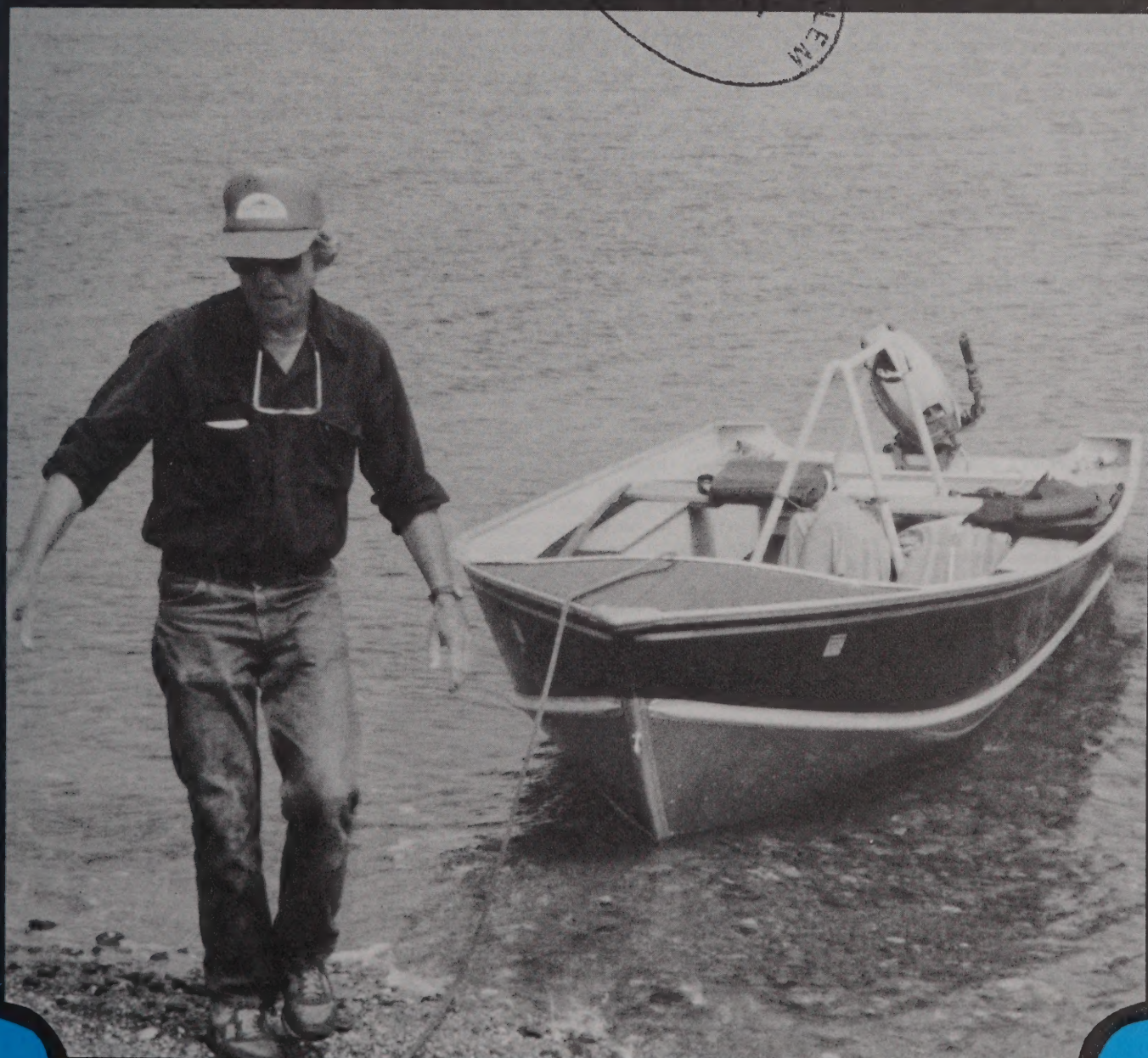
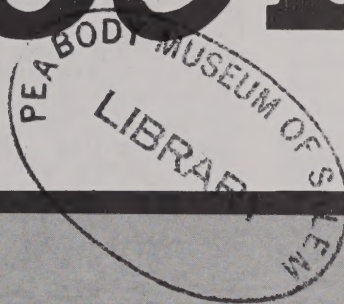


messing about in BOATS

Twice a Month!

Volume 7 ~ Number 11

October 15, 1989





messing about in BOATS

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TION OF YOUR SUBSCRIPTION
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Our Next Issue...

Will feature our coverage of
the ACA Canoe Sailing Nationals in
Bridgeton, Maine, with a side look
at how canoes are rigged for sail-
ing by Harry Wilmshurst. We'll
have Peter Brennan's report on the
nice old boats he found were rowed
off the beach in Killarney. E.G.
Ragsdale entertains us with another
'60's era kayaking adventure.
Amongst designs and projects we
have at the ready are Bill Bailey's
"UTX" light fisherman skiff; Don
Betts' car top budget proa; Griff
Venator's stretched "Cockleshell";
and Doug Simpson's ultra hi-tech
folding Feathercraft sea kayaks.
We'll be starting on our winter
book reviews with a "video" review
of Rob Perkins' solo trip down the
600 mile Back River in the Cana-
dian arctic.

On the Cover...

Dave Getchell's been on the go
for two years now putting together
the Maine Island Trail for all of us
to enjoy, a full report on all this
in this issue.

Commentary

**BOB
HICKS**

I've devoted a lot of space in
this issue to the Maine Island
Trail, I had a chance in August to
spend a day with its creator, Dave
Getchell, Sr., out on the water
seeing what this was really all
about. You can read about the sub-
ject of the beauty of the thousands
of islands on the Maine Coast but
seeing some and going ashore on
them really drives home the value
of these places as recreational op-
portunities for small boat people.

Dave's been involved with
small boats most of his life, for
years he was editor of "National
Fisherman", later was the original
editor of "Small Boat Journal".
Since leaving "National Fisher-
man", Dave's been devoting himself
to projects dear to his heart which
had been unrealized due to the time
pressures of his career. Involvement
with the Island Institute, an
organization of Maine island own-
ers, preservationists, and people
who see these islands as natural
resources in need of protection, led
Dave to realize what an opportunity
many of the islands presented for
small boat recreation.

Dave conceived of organizing
people who would like to enjoy vis-
iting and camping on islands on
the Maine coast with small boats
into a user group that could work
cooperatively with public and pri-
vate island owners in directing re-
creational use along environmental-
ly acceptable directions.

The pressure has increased on
islands, not only recreational ac-
cess from boat owners "trespassing"
on uninhabited private islands, but
also on public use of limited state
facilities. The state was in no po-
sition to develop a broader access,
it was in need of help in better
managing its own resources. So it
was up to the interested public to
develop such access, and Dave de-
cided to do the pied piper part, get
out front and let everyone know
what he had in mind, and see if he
could attract a following.

Like most visionaries, Dave
ran into initial scepticism and re-
sistance to his ideas. Public offi-
cials, while beset with too much to
do on too little money, still tend to
view the "citizen" as a user of
what the bureaucracy provides in
the prescribed manner, and are
wary of the enthusiastic amateur
and his vision. Private island
owners, while increasingly plagued
with trespassing resulting in envi-
ronmental degradation of their un-
inhabited, seldom visited (by their
owners) islands, could not see how
openly inviting the public to come
ashore could possibly make things
any better.

So Dave had a lot of selling to
do. He's not just a visionary, but

a pragmatic person who gets things
done, so he set about to reason
with the involved people, to point
out how a cooperative user group
would actually better protect island
environments by agreeing to use
under environmentally acceptable
guidelines. The public officials had
to be shown how this would help
them in their land management
rather than add to their already
overwhelming tasks.

Well, as of this fall, the
Maine Island Trail Association has
over 1,000 individual and family
memberships, has established offi-
cial access to a number of state
owned islands not available before
because no state development of fa-
cilities had been done on them, and
has been able to persuade several
owners of private islands to in-
clude their properties in the Trail.
All this because Dave Getchell be-
lieved it could be done and set out
on his own to do so.

Dave draws a small salary
from the Association now, and even
has a new Lund 18' outboard skiff
donated by the manufacturer. Orig-
inally, he used his own boat for
his extensive surveying of what's
actually out there. He doesn't de-
pend on this income for his total
livelihood, good thing, it's not
much. But it's an important part of
the budget. Without Dave's efforts,
not only lining up islands for ac-
cess, but also at putting together
the comprehensive guidebook,
there'd be no such thing available
to us now, or to future small boat
folks, as the Maine Island Trail.

Dave answers the question,
"What do I get for my \$25?" by
pointing out that authorized access
to the private islands along the
Trail is limited to Association
members only (the state islands are
open to all interested). The Guide-
book, available only to members, is
updated periodically and provides
detailed information on the whole
Trail, sea conditions as well as the
island information. What Dave does-
n't mention is that the \$25 helps to
subsidize his time and effort on be-
half of anyone who believes that
public access to these islands
should be encouraged and formal-
ized.

Following our report on our
day "on the trail with Dave" in
this issue is a Maine Island Trail
Association pamphlet reprint with a
membership application. If you be-
lieve Dave's work is valuable to
small boaters, send him your mem-
bership application now with the
\$25. He's on the verge of making
things happen in a big way for all
of us in the next couple of years
and needs our support. It's so lit-
tle to spend for so much opportuni-
ty, now and in the future.



Your Commentary

A LARGER CONSTITUENCY

Your constituency could be larger than you may have thought. Those who mess about with boats include surprising parties, as evidenced in the photo. We trailered our Dovekie from Richmond to the Mystic area to sail about Little Narragansett Bay. We launched at Watch Hill Boat Yard on Colonial Willie Cove with Napatree Beach our anchorage for the first night.

Between events we viewed in the mid-week races of the Watch Hill Yacht Club, we rested our eyes with a short nap under our awning. A persistent tapping sound on the starboard side, moving back to the stern and then around forward on the port side, woke us. Peering over the side I found myself eyeball to eyeball with this visitor.

It appeared that hunger was the motive for the appearance, and the tapping was the means for getting our attention. Little good it did, for we were not yet ready to sign on another crew, even for only the cost of a slice of bread. Some "Seacreatures Union" might then have demanded retirement benefits for our friend and the four very young family members being taught the tricks of a nautical welfare lifestyle "messing about with boats".

Bill Chewning, Richmond, VA.



SINGING THE SAD STUFF

My summer has been one project after another. I've had two kayaks to build as well as a steady number of music engagements. I just finished a large run of sweat shirt screen printing too. My shop looks like a disaster and it may explode any minute now. My old boat plans service is a daily routine of running to the copy shop and post office. Are you in tears yet?

Well, I've sung all the sad stuff I can remember for the moment. I must tell you again that "Messing About in Boats" is truly the best boating magazine in existence from my viewpoint and if you really want to hear sad stuff, just stop publishing it! I guarantee SAD like you never imagined.

E.G. Ragsdale, Westlake, OR.

ABOUT THOSE SEA KAYAKS

Your commentary in the August 5th issue on your mixed feelings about sea kayak rewards and demands echoes my own thoughts about capsizing in them. I don't have one but am interested and I subscribe to "Sea Kayaker" magazine. Is there any solution to this problem or must one resign oneself to learning how to get back into a capsized kayak before the sport can become enjoyable?

Jim Casey, Newport, RI.

MORE ABOUT CANOES

I'm a fairly recent subscriber and a very pleased one, you put out a fine magazine. I would like to see articles on canoes in general, specifically on tiny ones, and about sailing rigs for them. I really enjoy the articles on builders and their comments on how their boats handle.

David Williams, Wilmington, DE.

PADDLES GOT ATTENTION

I took my "Eaglet" canoe ("Boats, April 1st) and custom paddles to the Wooden Boat Show here in Seattle over July 4th weekend. My paddles got a lot of interest and I may put together a pattern kit and instructions for interested home builders.

Gene Galipeau, 20218 Greenwood Ave. N., Seattle, WA 98133.

WHITEHALL RIGGING

I had to do a lot of upwind sailing in San Francisco Bay in my 14' Whitehall which I purchased from Gordon Nash of Sausalito. Gordon made the fiberglass hull from a plug that was a boat he found in the Delta. I had the fun of fitting it out. I rigged it with a sliding gunter and a jib. I had read the warnings about how unmanageable the moving spar could be, but I worked out a double hal-yard system that controls it and holds it tight to the mast when reefed, the usual condition sailing on San Francisco Bay.

I also adopted John Gardner's drop rudder design for better control than that available from the usual shallow draft Whitehall rudder, and chose a dagger board rather than a centerboard as I wanted room for my sleeping bag. In order to get the sails balanced I cut the first and second tries from plastic sheeting, and then went to sailcloth. Anyone considering a daggerboard in place of a centerboard is welcome to contact me about my experience.

I was pleased to see Lois Darling's "Ratty's Boat" in the report on the Mystic Small Craft Weekend in the August 1st issue. She has sailed small boats her entire life. Her father designed some innovative sailboats and she has known many of the best known boat designers. Lois has also done an outstanding job of reconstructing the "Beagle" (Charles Darwin's vessel). There were no contemporary drawings of the ship and she did much nautical sleuthing which ultimately resulted in an outstanding model of the "Beagle".

Dave McCulloh, 106 Whippoorwill Rd., Old Lyme, CT 06371.

WHITEHALL MEET

I wonder what the response would be to organizing a meet for people who build and/or own and use various versions of Whitehalls? I would love to see a whole fleet of them in the water. If enough readers respond to this inquiry I could put such an event together next spring. It could be a great day of rowing, sailing and picnicing. I have a great location in mind.

Marc Barto, 3823 Forrest School Rd., Smithsburg, MD 21783, (301) 293-169.

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Wayne Donelson, Ashburnham, MA

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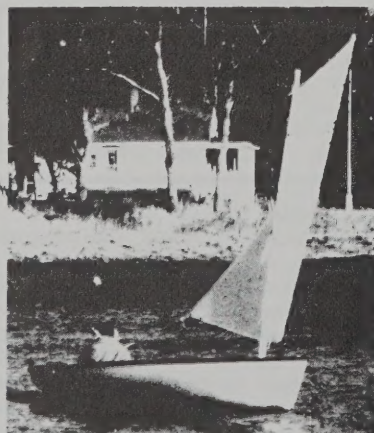
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HAPPENINGS

SOUTHERN NEW ENGLAND MARITIME HISTORY SYMPOSIUM

November 11th is the date for this year's annual Mystic Seaport symposium on southern New England maritime history. Subjects range widely from a Civil War hospital ship to Spanish gunboats built in Mystic in 1869; from a Connecticut shipmaster's wife's experiences in Hawaii in the 1850's to the roles of coopers and other maritime tradesmen in small coastal towns. Registration from the Curatorial Dept. Mystic Seaport Museum, Mystic, CT 06355-0990.

NATIONAL FIXED SEAT OPEN WATER

The "big time" for traditional oar-on-gunwale rowers will be this national contest in San Francisco on December 10th. Organizer is the Bay Area Whaleboat Rowing Association. The 2.3 nautical mile course will run from San Francisco's Aquatic Waterfront Park out around historic Alcatraz Island. The regatta is open to all fixed seat rowing craft over 12' in length with classes for many of the special types, with special attention to Grand Banks 18' dories and 22' Viking Whitehalls. Further information from Gordon Nash at (415) 332-7269 or write to the Bay Area Whaleboat Rowing Association, 41 Sutter St., Suite 1620, San Francisco, CA 94104.

DELAWARE RIVER MAPS

If you've considered paddling the Delaware River at all you might want to obtain a fine set of ten water resistant maps of the Delaware from Hancock, NY, to Trenton, NJ. They cost \$8 from the Delaware River Basin Commission, P.O. Box 7360, W. Trenton, NJ 08628.

Information from "Blazing Paddles", Newsletter of the Nissequogue River Canoe Club, Northport, NY.

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SAVE THE "CHRISTEEN"

The "Christeen" is yet another old sailing vessel in need of help if she is to be saved, according to the New London, Connecticut, folks trying to accomplish this. "Christeen" is a gaff rigged oyster sloop built in 1883, currently in general anchorage at New London. Of immediate concern is obtaining winter dockage, but volunteers are needed for other tasks that must be done to assure her survival through the winter. For further information, Ben Clarkson at (203) 434-3890 or Bob Eldredge at (203) 447-0370.

ADVENTURE VACATIONS

Adventure Learning is a firm that offers "adventure vacations", and amongst their offerings this winter are several of interest to boat folks.

Sail Training seven day trips on the "Spirit of Massachusetts" in the American Virgin Islands are offered beginning December 27th, January 4th, 12th, 20th and 28th.

Florida Everglades Canoeing is offered in an eight day trip beginning December 26th.

Florida Keys Kayaking is offered in a seven day trip beginning March 18th.

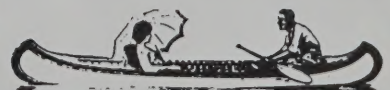
Suwanee and Okefenokee Canoeing is offered in an eight day trip beginning March 25th.

Scottish Isles Kayaking is offered in four 14 day trips, beginning next May.

You can get their detailed brochure on request, Adventure Learning, 116 Bear Hill Rd., Merrimac, MA 01860.

FORBES TOY BOAT COLLECTIUN

The Forbes Toy Boat Collection, assembled by business publishing tycoon Malcolm Forbes, is on display through November at the North Carolina Maritime Museum, 315 Front St., Beaufort, NC 28516. They're open weekdays 9-5, Saturdays 10-5 and Sundays 1-5. Further information at (919) 728-7317.



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Modest Adventures



THE QUEEN MARY VS. THE NORMANDIE

We had the only two-car garage on the block. It rarely had a car in it and usually served as a clubhouse, a stall for my brother John's pony or a swimming pool in the summer. The garage was about two feet below ground level and there was a concrete ramp down into it - much like a sloping beach at the shore. My father had waterproofed the back wall so that when it was flooded, the water wouldn't go into our basement behind the garage even though the depth of the water was almost two feet.

During the 1930's we were very much involved with the great ocean liners, much the same as kids today are involved with rocket ships and lunar landers. We knew all about the huge liners that raced back and forth across the Atlantic trying to win the coveted Atlantic Blue Riband for the fastest voyage between Europe and New York. All of us had scale models of the Queen Mary, the Normandie, the Bremen or the Washington.

Once, my brother Ed decided to make a floating model of the Queen Mary large enough to carry him. He got plans of the real ship and designed his own plans on a 100 foot to 1 foot scale since the Queen Mary was nearly 1,000 feet long his boat would be almost 10 feet long. He could be found almost every night for a month in our basement workshop gluing, bending, painting and tacking canvas on his super ship. He was always very thorough in his work, even as a teenager and we eagerly watched his progress as the junior sized Queen Mary took form. I was too young to really understand how technical and difficult his work was and was content to just sit on a box and watch him labor over his masterpiece.

Many of the children on our block came every evening to watch him work. Our garage never looked so clean. Gone were the bikes, wagons and horse stall in preparation of the launching of his ship. The only structure not removed was a little hut my father had built for me on the tool shelf over where the hood of the car would normally be. Ed knew better than to try and remove my house.

The launching was set for a Saturday morning. The event was a major item in our block newspaper and just about every kid had made plans to witness the celebration.

Right after school on the Friday before launch day, my brother John decided that he too would build a ship. He named his after the beautiful French liner, the Normandie. Unlike Ed, John didn't bother with plans, specifications and detail drawings. John just gathered the leftover wood and canvas from the Queen Mary and made a kind of kayak about eight and a half feet long - one one-hundredth the size of the real Normandie. Some of the kids laughed at John's feeble attempt to imitate his older brother. Others kept their opinions to themselves. John worked until after midnight applying the last coats of paint to the canvas covering. He went to bed tired but with a happy look of success and anticipation in his eye.

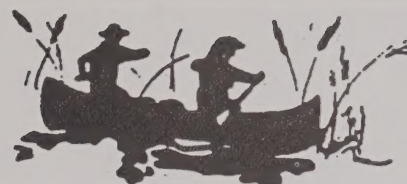
My brother Ed insisted that the launching had to be exactly at ten a.m., not a minute before or a minute after. After all, they didn't wait to launch real ships until a crowd arrived at the shipyard. Even so, most of the kids on our block were in attendance long before the appointed time.

My sister Julie was a bit disappointed when she wasn't chosen to launch the ship by pouring a bottle of water over the bow. Ed had his eye on a new girl in the neighborhood and gave her the honor.

In the background, my brother John had dragged his Normandie into position just behind the Queen Mary. At exactly ten o'clock, my brother blew a whistle, his new girl friend poured the water over the bow and the Queen Mary was pushed into the two-foot garage pool. Just as it got free of the driveway ramp, Ed jumped in and began to paddle with his homemade oars. The Queen Mary immediately turned over and my brother was dumped into the icy water.

While everyone was watching this tragedy at sea, John quietly launched the Normandie, got in and paddled over to Ed. He reached out his hand and said, "Do you need any help?"

Paul Hogan, Phoenixville, PA



'TIS THE SEASON...

For many, Labor Day is the break point to end summer and hibernate until spring. But for many members of Nissequogue River Canoe Club, fall is just a continuation of many months of (good) paddling.


The crowds are gone, which means very few people on the rivers. In many instances we have the water to ourselves to experience the quiet. No motors. Nobody yelling. No radios blaring. Only the sound of nature: like the rustle of the leaves falling, the hum of a small rapid, a bird calling, and the splash of a paddle. All these sounds are needed to calm us down. These outdoor sounds are natural tranquilizers.

We experience the serene as we appease our ancestral genes. Nature is soothing; it helps us to become undisturbed. As we hear, we also see: squirrels and chipmunks gathering their cache for winter. Just above them the bees do the same thing. A little higher up, warblers are flittering in the treetops, not stopping long - only a rest stop before their pilgrimage toward winter sanctuary.

High above the tree tops, raptors are soaring and gliding toward their destination. The geese appear to have a greater urgency to end their trip. As we glide along in our canoes, we might appear that we are also in a migrating pattern, going from one destination to another. And we are, but for entirely different reasons. We hear, we see, we experience. But we are not at all at the end of another season, we are just at a beginning.

"Blazing Paddles" Newsletter of the Nissequogue River Canoe Club.

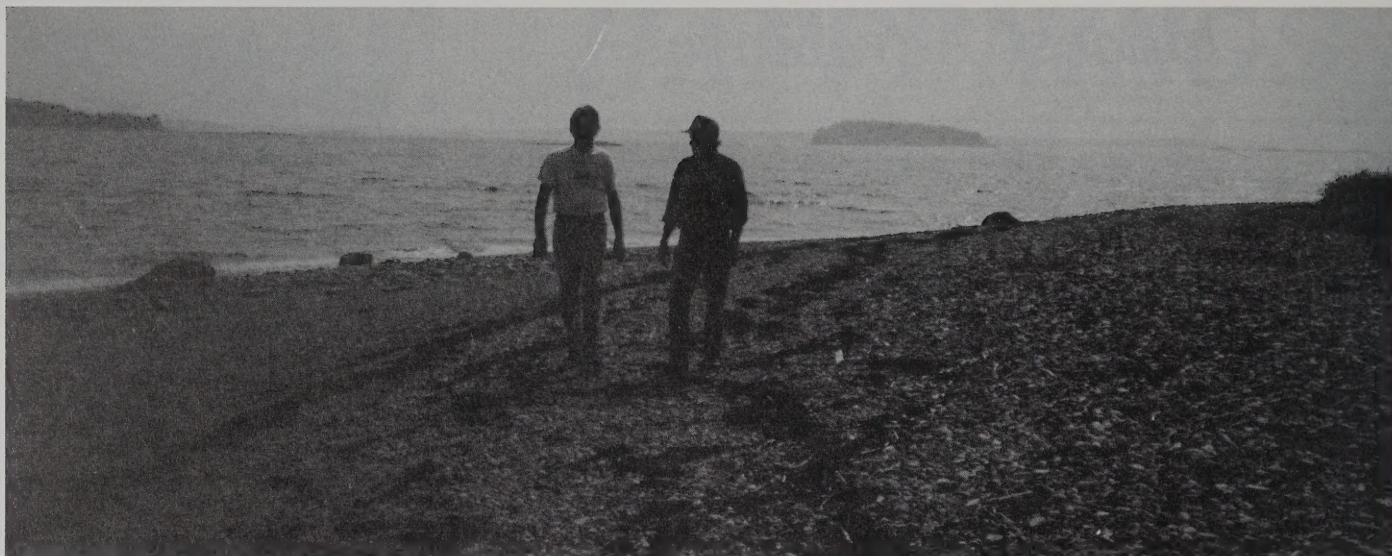
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On the Trail with Dave

Oak Island was our last port of call on our whirlwind trip amongst the islands of Penobscot Bay with Dave Getchell, Sr. Just off the northern tip of North Haven Island, Oak is a small privately owned island entirely open grassland over its rocky foundation. Dave had beached the boat on a little pocket beach behind a bar that broke the chop the southwest wind had been building up all afternoon. To my surprise, Dave admitted this was the first time he'd been on this island. The owners had recently asked what use it might be put to.

Dave Getchell, Sr. is very busy these days with his crusade to develop a trail of islands along the Maine Coast open to small boat people for day use and, in many cases, overnight camping. Since he left his career as editor of "National Fisherman" (and in its early years, "Small Boat Journal") Dave has been sort of semi-retired, not because of age, but because he wanted to do some other things with his life. He and Dorrie sold their home and land near Camden and bought acreage in remote Appleton, about 15 miles inland from Lincolnville on Penobscot Bay.

Here they designed and built their own house overlooking a millpond on which they have long frontage. Then Dave got involved with the Island Institute, a non-profit organization of people interested in the preservation of the Maine islands and their lifestyle, including many island owners. They needed professional help editing and publishing their annual yearbook, "Island Journal". From this work Dave developed his vision of the Maine Island Trail.

Jane and I had joined Dave on a foggy August morning in his 18' Lund "Alaskan 18" aluminum outboard workboat for a day "on the trail". Dave spends much of his time once winter has gone out on the water looking at islands. Now as we were headed home from Oak Island it appeared we'd be heading right into a threatening looking thunderstorm area that had built up over the mainland to our west and spread out over Isleboro, where we were now headed. So we geared up in our foul weather gear. Had I been skipper on my own small boat, I'd have waited for the menacing storm to move on by before heading back, but Dave knows the area and

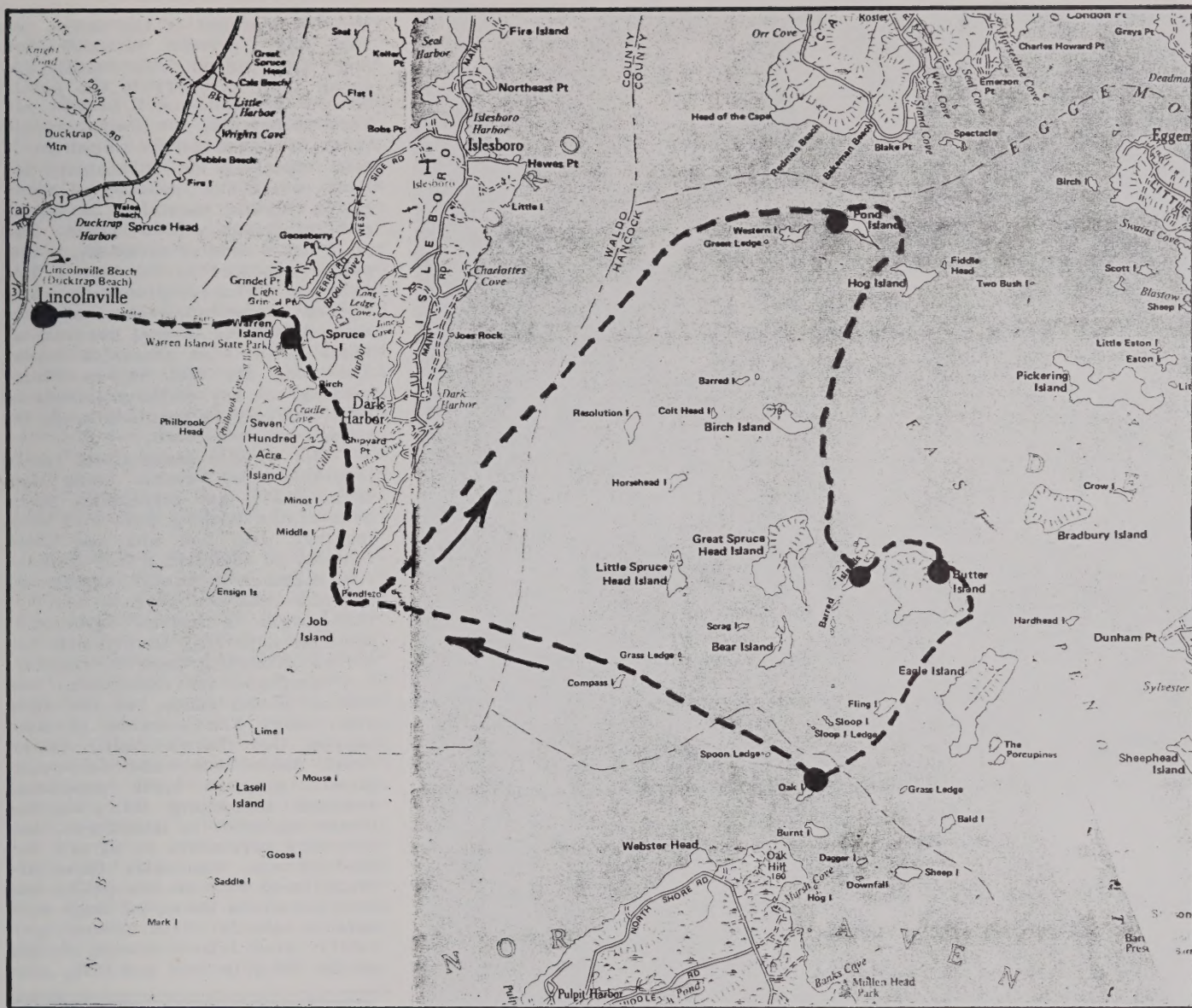
felt we'd miss most of it.

Well, he was right, we hit a brief patch of torrential rain and hail just beyond Compass Island, but by the time we approached Isleboro the storm was well to the north of us. Even at its nearest and most threatening, it had not delivered the anticipated strong gusts, in fact it killed that southwester dead and flattened the sea right down, a welcome change from banging into the chop much of the day.

We'd started off at Lincolnville where Dave launched the boat, and headed east into the fog for the short hop over to Isleboro. Our first stop was actually Warren Island, part of the Isleboro archipelago, and a state park. State owned islands are the foundation of the Maine Island Trail, but Warren is the only one designated as a fully developed park for camping. Camping is permitted on the other state islands 'on the Trail, but on a "wilderness" basis, ie. no facilities. The MITA annual meeting would take place on Warren Island in September, and Dave wanted to visit with the park manager to discuss arrangements. It would be after tourist time and so the entire place would be pretty much available for the MITA meeting.

We departed from Warren Island and headed south down past Dark Harbor in the bay between Isleboro and Seven Hundred Acre Island. Rounding the southern tip of Isleboro, we swung into the northeast and gradually pulled away from sight of any land in the fog. In a while Green Ledge and Western Island appeared to starboard, and rounding the latter we then slanted east to Pond Island, our next stop. Pond Island is privately owned, but the Island Institute is negotiating its purchase and permission to include it in the





Trail is included. A convenient small beach appeared and we went ashore, hiking up an open slope facing west to look around. The fog was beginning to lift and we could look north to nearby Cape Rosier. Pond would be an ideal island for the less experienced small boater to enjoy, launching from Cape Rosier with only a couple of miles of water to transit to reach the island. This would be particularly accessible to the beginner coastal kayaker.

We left Pond and passed through the turbulent overfalls between it and Hog Island, headed south. The channels between some of the islands have tidal currents that can create a lumpy sea at certain times. Dave's skiff is a big boat and had no problems with the steep chop here, it just banged over it at slow speed. Now with the southwest wind ahead of us, we splashed through chop several miles, passing Birch Island to our right, swinging by Great Spruce Head Island with its summer homes and landing on one of the Barred Islands for lunch. These small is-

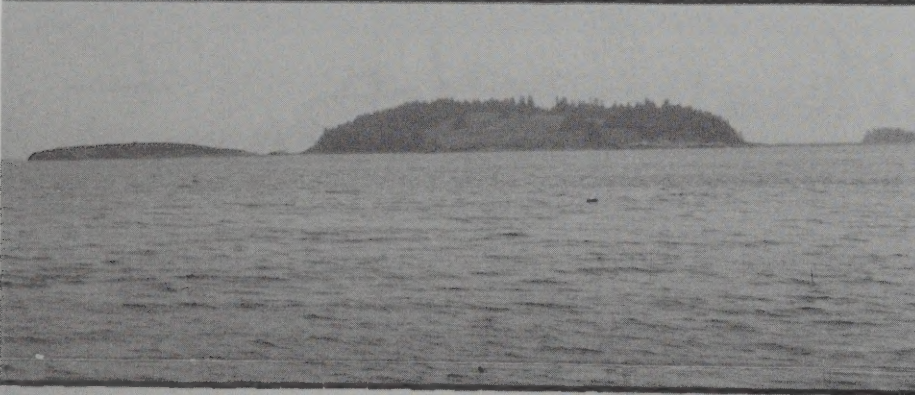
lets are connected to one another with gravel bars. We anchored in another tiny baylet out of the wind and enjoyed lunch, including hot soup heated on Dave's little camp stove. Directly across a narrow channel was a larger island, Butter Island, our next stop. All of these islands are privately owned but the owners tacitly permit day use of Barred and Butter, where there are no summer dwellings.

We cruised around to the northeast side of Butter Island where a long beach opened up before us, and again went ashore. Butter has a prominent hill on its northern shore, the upper portion open grassland, and we hiked up the trail to enjoy a now gorgeous view as the last of the fog had departed and Penobscot Bay spread out before us, with islands leading over towards Stonington to our east and southwest towards North Haven and Vinalhaven. Butter Island will become officially part of the Trail by next summer, Dave expects, and camping here should be a really glorious adventure. On the beach we met two couples who had come

ashore from their moored yachts, and Dave soon was telling them about MITA, and signing up one of them who expressed great interest in obtaining the MITA Guidebook (available only to members).

We left Butter around its eastern end and passed through between it and Eagle Island, heading southwest again into the stiff breeze and chop, Oak Island our next stop. Just off the northern tip of North Haven, Oak is an open grassy island with a moderate rise towards its center, plenty big enough for a few to camp on. It's privately held and not yet available for public use, but Dave has been talking with the owners and wanted to see first hand what it had to offer. He was delighted with what we found. Protected little beaches, open grassy land, and easily accessible from Vinalhaven for paddlers who might choose to take their kayaks over on the ferry and then tour the coasts of Vinalhaven and North Haven.

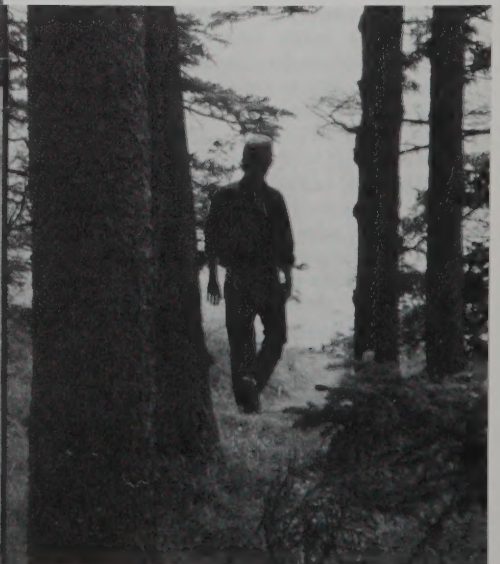
Well, why would any of these people who own these islands even want to hear about Dave's dream



and the prospect of the public using their private islands? You don't find landed folks readily opening their property to the public on the mainland. But islands are very vulnerable, the boating public tends to march ashore anywhere it can, especially on uninhabited islands where the likelihood of meeting a hostile caretaker or owner and being run off is remote. The state has a similar situation, a few people employed by the state's forests and parks (environmental management today) 'bureaus have responsibility for several hundred islands as well as shoreside lands. The odds are that anyone "trespassing" on any of these islands is most unlikely to be discovered, let alone ever prosecuted.

So, when a responsible, knowledgeable guy comes along and says, "Let's get responsible members of the boating public to work together with you who own these islands, to establish a non-destructive approach to public recreational use and thus protect your assets," they begin to listen. Government agencies have long worked with involved citizen groups on cooperative programs for management and use of public lands, so the state was ready. The presence of state support for Dave's Maine Island Trail Association, and the rapid growth to over 1,000 individual members supporting its preservationist approach to island use, has been very persuasive to private island owners, especially those already faced with ad hoc public use (and sometimes abuse) of their vulnerable islands. With several privately owned islands already in use on the Trail in 1988 and 1989, oth-

Left from top: Dave consults with the Warren Island park manager. Approaching Pond Island. The view west from Pond Island. Dave's "workboat", the pipe frame is for hanging onto while standing. Below: Checking for unauthorized campsites on a private island.



er prospective island owners are watching the results before deciding on whether or not to bring in their own islands.

Well, it would have been nice to have had time and permission to camp out on Oak Island, but we all had things to do and the island wasn't available yet anyway, so we returned to Lincolnville via Isleboro, that aforementioned thunderstorm darkening the sky to the north and east as we slid around behind it. Circling Warren Island before heading across to Lincolnville, we pulled up to the rocks exposed by the now low tide, and waded ashore to harvest a bucket of mussels for supper. It had been quite a day, a sort of fast-forward preview for us of the potential of the Maine Island Trail. And we'd only seen this one small portion in upper Penobscot Bay, for the Trail stretches from Portland to Eastport now.

The bug has bit, we'd like to go back next season, maybe with our Folbot double kayak, maybe even, eventually, with our Townie sloop. Dave gets around in an outboard because he has lots of territory to cover as he continues to develop and organize the island string making up the Maine Island Trail. The more leisurely approach by paddle or sail is where the recreational experience would be for us. If you'd like to try this yourself, read the following information on the Maine Island Trail Association, and then join up. Your \$25 annual contribution funds a marvelous opportunity for all to enjoy the beauty of the wild islands along the Maine coast.

Report & Photos by Bob Hicks

Below: Talking up MITA to some yachting folk on the beach on Butter Island. Right from top: The view from the summit on Butter Island, that's Dave and his boat on the beach. Checking out the wild edibles. Another pocket beach, there's plenty of them. "Well, what do you say? Like to join me on the Maine Island Trail?"





Sunset from Warren Island looking toward the Camden Hills.

Cruising on the Islands

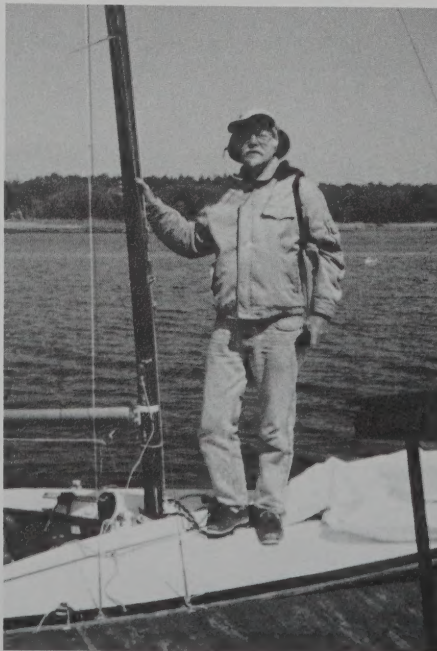
A year and a half ago when I joined the Traditional Small Craft Club which meets at the Peabody Museum in Salem, Massachusetts, I was pretty shy about saying that I didn't have a boat myself. Many of the members are excellent craftsmen, I discovered, and had built their own boats. I knew I didn't have such skills but they were friendly and proud of their small craft. Later I was to get a lot of help from them.

Now I'm sailing a small pocket cruiser along the coast of Maine and camping on the islands. It's been such a challenging adventure and so much fun that I'd like to share it with all of you.

It started with my retirement, when my pension fund offered me the option of some cash up front. I took early retirement at age 62. This gave me some cash to buy a boat. Before that I had just been drooling over the classified ads in this magazine and reading articles about what I thought I'd like to do. Now my fantasies could be turned into reality with just a decision. But, what to buy?

A cruiser? No, I liked to go ashore and camp. Camping has always been a big thing with me and I wanted to combine the two: Sailing and camping. There aren't many people around with these combined interests. A friend of mine

calls this a "new paradigm in rubolissic sailing." I had spent plenty of time in the big Clorox bottles, the floating bedrooms, day after day at sea, with everyone getting bored, restless and unhappy. I wanted to be able to go right up to a pocket beach in my vessel, to get off and have a picnic, or anchor and haul off while I took a brisk



hike along a trail, or set up my tent.

I like being close to the elements, not to the technology. I want to feel the sea, to see it rushing by, to become part of its rhythm. Then I want to experience the land along the shore, the wild land, in a similar way, to sense it, to smell it, to feel its presence. Since I got my boat and have been camping out of it on Penobscot Bay on a beautiful sandy island, I once spent several days waiting for the weather to clear. I enjoyed them exploring the island trails, and complimented myself on my astuteness when I watched three cabin cruisers moored off the island pounding around. Those folks never came ashore once!

Well, I summoned up all my courage at one of the TSCC meetings in Salem last winter and announced that I was looking for a small sailboat. Several members spoke to me after the program about what would be the best choice for my needs. Someone suggested a Lightning. And someone else had a Lightning for sale.

I borrowed copies of David Buckman's series on customizing a Lightning for coastal cruising that ran in early issues of "Small Boat Journal". I didn't really want to convert it into a cruiser but I did feel there might be times when I

might HAVE TO sleep on the boat. I adopted Buckman's basic ideas for such "camping out" on the boat.

The Lightning has proven to be a good choice. It sails beautifully. I have had a lot of past experience sailing Solings in Boston Harbor and the Lightning performs a lot like them. But it is beamier and has a more comfortable cockpit. The steel centerboard draws 4-1/2' which keeps it steady. As a quite fast boat, it can get you into a snug harbor in a hurry if need be.

My adaptations would probably shock and horrify a Lightning racer. But, dammit, I figured this boat is my own and I want to use it for my own purposes. Obviously it would now be disqualified from competition in Lightning Class events. I put a cleat on the deck and starboard and port chocks up front, a cleat on the stern, reef points and cringles in the sails, and I raised the boom to give me more headroom in the cockpit. This turned out to be quite a job and I got some good help doing it from a member of the Club, Henry Szostek, who understands metalworking. I fitted an ancient 3hp Johnson, which I also was assisted with in servicing by a Club member.

Now I have just what I want and have sailed regularly this summer with friends on the coast of Maine, camping out ashore. I joined the Maine Island Trail Association, which gave me all kinds of good information about where and how to do this.

This sort of sailing attracts a special sort of sailor. I announced what I was doing in another sailing club that I have been a member of for years in Boston and was met with dead stares and dropped jaws. It was as if I'd just announced that I'd successfully robbed the local bank. After the meeting I spoke to one member of that group to see if she'd be interested in joining me, because she'd expressed a desire to do some cruising in Maine during the meeting. She gave me the same suspicious glare, tossed her head and stated flatly that "there are no sandy beaches on the coast of Maine!"

When my friend Margaret and I were cruising on Penobscot Bay we met a young family that had decided to do all their cruising in Maine because it was "too dangerous off the coast of Connecticut." They had narrowly escaped collisions with several power boats the previous season. "There are rocks in Maine," they said, "but at least they are not coming at you on a collision course at 25 knots singing Roll Me Over in the Clover"

We've been cautious so far, limiting our cruising to day sails from Warren Island, next to Isleboro. But there's plenty to explore around just this one island area. Turtle Cove on the northern end of Isleboro has a lovely pocket beach,



Margaret sets up and tests the bunk arrangement on the Lightning.

for example. I have planned each of our trips on the chart carefully in case fog should close in or a storm develop. As I gain confidence in what we are doing I plan to go further out along the Maine Island Trail

There's plenty of excellent information in print about the Maine coast, I've bought a number of the books and studied them in detail. The best I've found to date is Hank and Jan Taft's "Cruising Guide to the Maine Coast". A book published by Outward Bound entitled "Green Islands, Green Sea", by Philip Conklin, has taught me much about foraging for the delicious plants that grow on the islands and the delicious shellfish readily at hand at low tide, mussels and clams.

For cooking ashore I discovered a neat little camp stove that burns, of all things, wood! It's called a "Zip Stove" and has a little battery powered fan that creates a steady draft. I was so delighted with it that I wrote to the Manufacturer to express my satisfaction and to suggest he market it more along the east coast. Now I'm the New England Representative for "Zip Stoves"!

The Lightning is a truly great boat for this kind of experience. It has plenty of room for the camping



Mainland campsite prior to departing for the islands.

equipment. It is loaded with flotation and will automatically bail itself. The centerboard lets me go anywhere. I can get into a snugger harbor than any keelboat can. It sails like a dream, really behaving beautifully, and handles with ease in those moments when I depend upon it to do the right thing.

Despite my sort of advanced years, I figure I've got plenty of good ones still ahead and am de-

lighted to have found just the right place and the right boat for me. And it all happened because of some friendly folks out there who really listened and helped and did not scoff at my different approach. Thank God for friendly, folksy small craft sailors who, like those characters in "Wind in the Willows", love to mess about in boats.

Report & Photos by Allen Bradford

The Nature Conservancy Islands

If you are a small boat owner and traveler on the Maine Island Trail, it is likely that you have passed by, or perhaps even visited, an island owned by the Nature Conservancy. With over 40 island preserves, the Conservancy is the largest private holder of islands in the state of Maine. A number of our islands lie along the Maine Island trail.

The Nature Conservancy is a national, non-profit member-supported organization dedicated to protecting the full array of natural diversity. We focus our efforts on the preservation of habitat for rare and endangered species, and of exemplary natural communities. In addition, we assist public agencies and other private conservation organizations in protecting areas with scenic, recreational and ecological values.

The Maine Chapter of the Nature Conservancy was formed 34 years ago and now owns and manages 75 preserves, and holds conservation easements on an additional 27 (mostly island) properties. Our goal is to keep these very special places in as undisturbed a condition as is possible.

In order to achieve this while accommodating increasing public use of our island preserves, we have established a set of guidelines (our Island Use Code) which we ask all preserve visitors to respect. A major point is that camping is NOT

allowed on Conservancy preserves (a national policy). However, most of our preserves are open for careful day use. Basically we ask that you build fires only below the high tide line, pack out all litter, leave pets at home, and don't harass the wildlife and disturb the vegetation. Abiding by these simple rules will make the visits of those who come after you of equal pleasure. A copy of our Island Use Code and a listing of islands under our protection should be requested from us by anyone contemplating cruising the Maine Island Trail. Send such requests to The Nature Conservancy, P.O. Box 338, Topsham, ME 04086, or call (207) 729-58.

Of additional concern is the fact that many of our islands provide habitat for nesting eagles, herons and colonial seabirds. We ask that you not visit any of the islands noted as seabird nesting islands between March 15th and August 15th.

We hope you enjoy your travels by small boat along the Maine coast and believe that we can all agree on our good fortune in sharing this spectacular, natural resource. The Conservancy is doing its best to insure that some of Maine's finer islands will remain undisturbed for coming generations to enjoy. On your visit to any of our islands, keep this vision in mind.

The following is a current

listing (summer 1989) of Conservancy held islands on the Maine coast. Those marked with an *asterisk are homes for nesting seabirds.

Cumberland County: Basket Island, Cumberland; Doughty Island, Harpswell; *Upper Goose Island, Harpswell.

Hancock County: *Bar Island, Tremont; Barred Island, Sunset; Bradbury Island, E. Penobscot Bay; Dram Island, Sorrento; *Great Duck Island, Frenchboro; *Long Porcupine Island, Gouldsboro; Preble Island, Sorrento; Round Island, Stonington; Sheep Island, North Haven; Sheep Island, Little Deer Isle; *Ship Island, Tremont; *Trumpet Island, Tremont; *Turtle Island, Winter Harbor; Wreck Island, Stonington.

Lincoln County: *Damariscove Island, Boothbay (birds nest on north island only).

Sagadahoc County: *Heron Islands, Phippsburg; Wood Island, Georgetown.

Washington County: Black Island, Jonesport; *East Plummer Island, (partial), Beals; *Flint Island, Addison; Great Wass Island, Beals; Little Hardwood Island, Jonesport; Man Islands, Jonesport; Mark Island, Jonesport; Mistake Island, Beals; *Salt Island (1/2), Machiasport; *Shipstern Island (1/2), Harrington; *Stone Island, Machiasport; *Upper Birch Island, Addison.



Maine Island Trail and the Maine Island Trail Association

The Maine Island Trail is a 300-mile-long waterway for small boats extending from Casco Bay on the west to Machias Bay on the east. Designed specifically for self-propelled watercraft and small sailboats and motorboats, the Trail winds its way along the coast over protected salt water rivers and quiet bays, around magnificent and exposed capes, and among islands large and small. It takes advantage of the existence of small, state-owned islands along much of the route, using them as overnight stopovers where one can camp in a wilderness setting. Other islands, including some that are privately owned, are also in the Trail system.

The Maine Island Trail Association was formed to develop and maintain this waterway. Members use the islands in a manner that has little or no impact on the natural environment by building their fires below the high tide line, camping in grassy areas, and carrying out all waste and rubbish. Special consideration is given to wildlife, and bird-breeding islands are avoided until the nesting season is over. Members also assist island owners, both state and private, in monitoring recreational use, keeping shores and campsites clean, and carrying out other projects of benefit to users, islanders, and the islands alike.

The primary goals of the Maine Island Trail and the Maine Island Trail Association are to provide an exceptional recreational asset that is maintained and cared for by the people who use it, and to encourage a pattern of thoughtful use that will assure preservation of the islands in their natural state.

QUESTIONS OFTEN ASKED — and their answers

1. What is the charge for using the Maine Island Trail?

Answer: There is no charge. The publicly owned islands are free to all. However, use of privately owned islands included in the trail system is open only to members of the Maine Island Trail Association (MITA). Membership in MITA is \$15 a year for individuals and \$25 for families.

2. What are the advantages of MITA membership?

Answer: Members receive the MITA guidebook as part of their membership fee, regular updates of the guidebook information at no extra cost, newsletters and other information, occasions to meet new friends and acquaintances of similar interests, the opportunity to attend the Annual Conference on a Maine island, and the chance to help directly in protecting the wild islands while using them in a responsible manner. As noted earlier, use of the several private islands included in the system is available only to MITA members.

3. What are the obligations of MITA membership?

Answer: Members are expected to follow the guidelines for low-impact use detailed in the guidebook. Also, when using a private island included in the trail system, a member is obligated to follow the owner's rules, if any are stipulated. (If you don't like the rules, you simply don't use the island.) Otherwise, all activities, such as clean-up and work sessions on the islands, are voluntary. Needless to say, the successful carrying out of such sessions is the key to continued, unfettered use of the islands, especially those privately owned, so your help is important.

4. What is the MITA Guidebook?

Answer: The Guidebook includes information on the care and use of the Maine islands, tips on cruising in small boats, chartlets showing the exact location of islands in the trail system and information about them, hazardous boating areas and how to deal with them, and similar notes and facts that will be useful in planning trips and using the Maine Island Trail safely. The book is contained in a long-lasting vinyl three-ring binder so that changes in the use status of trail islands can be made quickly by sending a new page or pages to members.

5. Where can I buy the MITA Guidebook?

Answer: It is not for sale, but rather is part of one's membership. This is because of the timely and changing nature of the material contained in the Guidebook and the corresponding need to keep in close touch with owners of the book.

6. How can I get to the islands in the Trail system?

Answer: They can be reached only by private boats, and in many cases only by small boats because of shallow or rocky approaches.

7. Is the Trail only for sea kayakers or is it open to any type of boat?

Answer: The Trail is popular with sea kayakers, but it can be used by any type of boat, the limiting factors being height, because of some bridges, and draft, as noted above.

8. Is it safe to visit islands in an open canoe?

Answer: Perhaps. Some of the islands, especially those on salt water rivers, are quite protected, but others are remote and open to the sea. The Maine Island Trail is not a tourist attraction, but rather is a challenging waterway designed for serious small-boat users who have taken the time to acquire the many skills needed to navigate safely on big waters. As stated in the guidebook, the trail "contains sections that are potentially hazardous at any time to inexperienced boaters and are hazardous to ALL small boats under certain weather conditions."

9. When is the best time to travel the Island Trail?

Answer: July, August and September are the kindest months, but July and August, especially, are when activity is at its highest and some of the islands may be crowded (i.e., actually have people on them). September is a superb time to see the Trail, while October and June may have long nice spells of weather. May and November are more iffy with cold weather a distinct possibility.

10. What can I expect to find on the islands?

Answer: There are no facilities of any kind. There is no fresh water. Most of the islands in the trail system are small wildernesses where one must be totally dependent upon one's skills, good judgment, and common sense. During much of the summer you will find mosquitoes, and occasionally poison ivy. You will probably find solitude, a wild and sometimes raw beauty in the spruce forests, open meadows, and rocky cliffs and ledges, and a sense of remoteness that is increasingly rare in our busy world.

A new way to preserve -- and enjoy -- our island Treasures

MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Telephone () _____

Section Choice (see below) _____

Membership
(Individual • Family \$25) _____

Make checks payable to: Island Institute/MITA

Mail to: Maine Island Trail Association
60 Ocean St.
Rockland, ME 04841

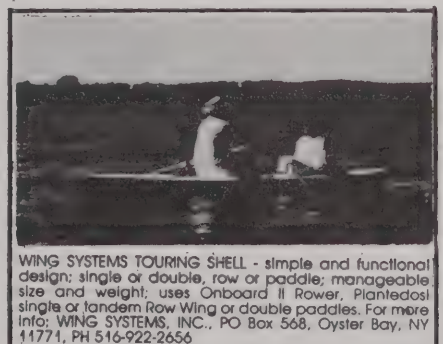
Regional Sections of the
Maine Island Trail Association: (You may select more than one):

- (1) Casco Bay (as far east as Small Point)
- (2) Rivers (Small Point to Port Clyde)
- (3) Penobscot Bay (Port Clyde to Brooklin)
- (4) Mt. Desert (Brooklin to Schoodic Head)
- (5) Eastern (Schoodic to Jonesport)
- (6) Unaffiliated (a good choice for out-of-state members who wish to support the Trail by joining, but who will not be active. However, non-Maine members can also sign on with any section of their choice and Maine members can be Unaffiliated.)

Enclosed is \$3, I would like a copy of the membership list _____

I prefer my name NOT to be on the membership list to be distributed _____

Maine Island Trail Association
60 Ocean Street,
Rockland, ME 04841
(207) 594-9209



WING SYSTEMS TOURING SHELL - simple and functional design; single or double, row or paddle; manageable size and weight; uses Onboard II Rower. Plantedosi single or tandem Row Wing or double paddles. For more info: WING SYSTEMS, INC., PO Box 568, Oyster Bay, NY 11771, PH 516-922-2656

SOURCE TO THE SEA CANOE TRIP

JUNE 1-16, 1989

A canoe trip on the Merrimack invariably brings adventure and memories to savor during long winter evenings. Maria Welych, member of this summer's Source to the Sea canoe odyssey as a reporter for the Nashua Telegraph, kindly agreed to share some of her impressions with Mid-Stream readers.

"Oft as I turn me on my pillow o'er,
I hear the laps of waves upon the shore,
Distinct as if it were at broad noonday
And I were drifting down from Nashua."

—Henry David Thoreau

*A Week on the Concord and Merrimack
Rivers*

LATELY, AS I AM DRIFTING to sleep these words run through my mind and I understand. The memories of my week on the Merrimack River begin rushing by as quickly as the river itself during spring runoff.

Images flow by: the long hours spent paddling under the constant glower of rain clouds, my first night sleeping on the ground with only the nylon of a borrowed tent blocking out the stars and the mosquitoes. And images of people. The people on the MRWC Source to the Sea canoe trip. The people who taught me how to paddle and the proper way to stake a tent.

My initiation to the world of the Merrimack came on the evening of DAY 5 of the Source to the Sea trip. The core group was gathered at Franklin High School, which sits on a piece of land framed by the Winnepesaukee and Pemigewasset rivers. While group members learned about efforts to get federal "wild and scenic" designation for the Merrimack from Franklin to Concord, the wild waters of the Pemigewasset rushed by to meet the quieter water of the Winnepesaukee and form the Merrimack, just a half mile from where they sat. It would be another 114.5 miles before they would enjoy a clambake on Salisbury Beach, at the Merrimack's mouth.

After the meeting I jumped into the back of a pick-up truck with the others, an action that would soon feel as comfortable as sleeping in a bed, and we were off for ice cream. Linda Berard spotted a copy of the *Concord Monitor* and everyone crowded around it. They had been out of touch with the world for five days. During that time Khomeini had died and Chinese soldiers had massacred hundreds of unarmed students in Tiananmen Square. Jack Mitchell let melting ice-cream drip from his double-dip cone as he devoured the newspaper articles.

THE NEXT DAY, awakened by the sound of metal spoons banged against tin plates, we were up with the birds. We broke camp and prepared to leave as rain began to fall—

a constant soaking rain that by day's end would penetrate our rain gear. We piled into the pick-up and headed for the river. I was paired with Mitchell, my partner for most of the trip, and after a half-hour delay to wait for NH Governor Judd Gregg, I dipped my long wooden paddle into the storm-swollen Winnepesaukee behind Franklin High School. The trip, for me, had begun.

That day canoeing seemed more work than fun as we faced a 22-mile journey from Franklin to Sewall's Falls. The steady rain that sometimes came down in sheets forced the group to stop and bail their canoes often. Despite the cool wet weather we were 20 canoes strong. Gregg set the pace for the day, paddling far ahead of the pack. At one point he maneuvered around the far side of an island and missed seeing the treated sewage pouring into the river from the Franklin Wastewater Treatment Plant. Peter Lavigne, executive director of the MRWC, didn't let Gregg get away that easily. He and partner Doug Whitbeck paddled hard to catch up with Gregg, and Lavigne told him what he had missed. Gregg paddled up-river a few feet to see if he could see a bit of the effluent.

Watershed Council staffers Drew McInnes and Marianne Donahue were waiting for us at the day's lunch stop in Boscawen at about the halfway point. And they had hot chocolate and coffee! After three hours of paddling in a cold rain on a cold body of water we were tempted to dunk our cold toes in the huge pot of steaming water.

We pressed on after lunch, and the final ten miles of the day's journey seemed easy. The rain stopped, although the heavy threatening clouds remained. Before we knew it, we had passed a sandy beach that will remain open to the public forever because it was purchased by the N.H. Land Conservation Investment Program. We paddled under the Route 4 bridge and came upon an island at the confluence of the Contoocook and Merrimack Rivers. We stopped there, and climbed a poison-ivy covered hill to grab a peek at a stone monument to Hannah Duston, a woman immortalized for killing and scalping the Indians who had captured her.

Thoreau had heard the tales too, and spent a night sleeping on the island where we now stood. As I stared up at the statue and listened to Lavigne tell Dustin's tale, I thought of how far we have come since

those primitive days. But have we really come that far? We no longer use the Merrimack as an open sewer, but Manchester's entire west side still dumps raw sewage into the river. We have ignored a simpler way to travel down a river, and instead built concrete and asphalt monuments to man's impatient need to get somewhere quickly. Instead of respecting the power of a flood-swollen river, we build developments on floodplains, and homes on the edge of a sandy bluff overlooking the river. It won't happen to us, we say. The flood control dams will take care of the water, we say. Yet as recently as the spring of 1987, floodwaters of the Contoocook came within two inches of overflowing a flood control dam.

AFTER A WARM NIGHT in the spotless Concord home of Beth Patrino and Jeff Livingston, who kindly offered refuge to our cold, wet group, we went back to Sewall's Falls to set up camp. For two nights we slept on a soft bed of pine needles. Delicate pink wildflowers were our garden; songbirds gave us our wake-up call. If I closed my eyes it was almost as if I were miles from the nearest hint of civilization. But a single noise marred the image. The roar of trucks charging up and down Interstate 93 drifted over from across the river.

The group spent the evening learning about the problems that civilization has brought to one of the Merrimack tributaries, the Contoocook. A river is just the sum of its parts, and the quality of the Merrimack depends on the quality of the streams that flow into it. The Contoocook has its share of problems: hydroelectric plants that have ended the free flow of the water, sewage from summer camps that have been turned into year-round homes, industries that have lacked respect for the limited nature of the river and used it to assimilate their wastes. But the Contoocook has been lucky as a new group, the Contoocook Greenway Coordinating Committee, has formed to restore and protect that river. The group is now working with the MRWC to preserve all the land along its banks to ensure that the river can never again be as polluted as it was.

After a day of rest, or laundry if core group members preferred, we returned to the river on DAY 8. The respite from paddling had only made us more anxious to return. We stopped at the flood plain

preserved by the Society for the Protection of N.H. Forests, and strolled through its trails. How peaceful and remote this area seemed, yet as we moved on downstream we saw signs of an encroaching world. A home built high above a bluff looks down on the Merrimack, but an ugly ravine has formed on the cliff where the grass and trees have been removed to build the house. As we paddled into Concord, we passed a huge parking lot for a shopping plaza that includes a Shaw's supermarket. The plaza has been built on a flood plain and the owners worry every spring as water covers parking spots.

The Merrimack through Concord and beyond is still mostly unspoiled. The shores near Garvin's Falls in Bow, which we passed on DAY 9, are remote and green. Few buildings dot the shore. As we paddled through a misting rain that cool morning, we saw few people and even fewer boats, but as we wound toward Manchester we noticed a difference. There were more homes along the shore, and many had decks overlooking the river and docks extending into the water. Eleanor-Hope McCarthy turned to her partner Linda Gardiner, and asked, "Are we getting close to Florida?"

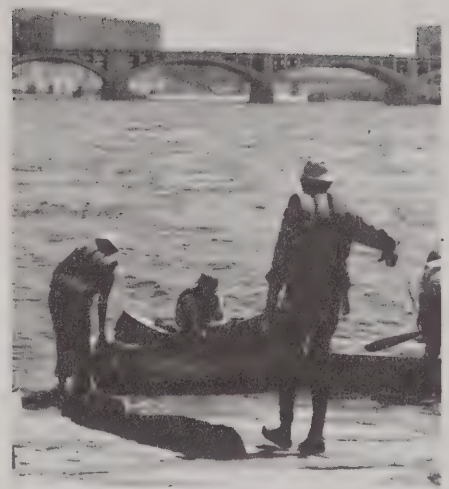
We made it to our take-out point just upstream from Manchester's Amoskeag Dam. We crossed the road to scout out a good place to put our canoes in the next day, and I wandered toward a pipe that was discharging a milky-grey solution into the river. I bent over to smell it, and was taken aback. My stomach felt queasy and my head began to pound from the overpowering odor of raw sewage emanating from the pipe. There are dozens of these pipes lining the river. City officials are working under court order to stop the dumping, but it will not end until 1991 at the earliest. In the meantime, the sewage will continue to pour into the river just a few hundred feet from where federal and state officials trying to restore salmon and shad to the river hope the fish will be drawn to a ladder to get past the dam.

IN MANCHESTER, THE RIVER falls 50 feet in a half-mile, making it the best source of waterpower on the river, but the drop also makes it a great place for rapids. While conflicts between competing uses is not as much a problem here, where a dam exists, conflicts have led to battles up and down the river. On DAY 10 of the trip, the only conflict in the minds of the more experienced paddlers was how to run the rapids. Mitchell, an avid Class III canoeist, creased his forehead with concentration as he stared at the rapids under the Notre Dame bridge. He stared, pointed to a rock and stared again.

Only a handful of the core group were experienced enough to handle the Manchester rapids. Normally Class III in low water, Mitchell pronounced them a "hard Class II" after more than a week of steady rain. One by one, the canoes

approached. And one by one, the canoeists made it through safely. That is until Lavigne and Whitbeck approached. They came in too close to the first large rock and were pulled sideways by its eddy. They went sideways into a large standing wave and water poured into their canoe. Lavigne paddled desperately but it was too late. The bow continued filling with water and the boat flipped. Within seconds, they were surrounded by other canoes who towed them to shore and helped them back in their boat. Colder but wiser, the two continued through three more sets of rapids without dumping again.

The less experienced members of the group decided to watch as about 15 canoes shot the rapids. Four of them piled into a van already filled with boxes of books, papers and food and headed to Moore's Falls railroad bridge to watch the canoeists. While they waited for the canoes to appear they walked around and examined the area. The water which was so clear in Franklin that they could see the bottom in some spots, had the color of weak tea. Just in case one of the canoes tipped, John Bennett positioned himself where he could throw out a tow line and retrieve the swimmer. The canoes finally came and went without incident. Waiting for them at the end of the exhausting day was a gourmet feast at Beth and Chuck Mower's Merrimack home, just a half-mile from the bank of the Merrimack.



Linda Berard and John Bennett, Father-Daughter team, prepare to launch at Lawrence, MA.

THE CORE GROUP DRIFTED down to Nashua on DAY 11, the first sunny day of my week with the trip. The recent rain had raised the river level so high that they didn't even need to paddle during that day's 8 mile journey. Three canoes lingered behind the rest, lashing their boats together and raising their paddles to use as sails. That technique swept them along quickly. They made the trip from Merrimack to Hudson's Merrill Park in just two hours when the trip was supposed to last all day.

The group had enough time to explore the Nashua River, which quietly meets the Merrimack just upstream from two bridges. The canoeists paddled upstream, despite a strong current, keeping to the sides of the river. But the river narrowed under a railroad bridge just a few



In the beginning...Members of the Source to the Sea canoe trip gather on the shore of Profile Lake in Franconia Notch State Park. Standing (L-R): Doug Whitbeck, June Johnson, Ed "Doc" Cutler, Pete Lavigne, Steve Bieman, Pete Richardson. Seated (L-R) Roioli Schweiker, Jack Mitchell, Jeanne Lewis.

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hundred yards up-river, dramatically increasing the current as the water roared past it, sounding like a charging locomotive Thoreau and his brother didn't tarry as they paddled past the Nashua, not drawn in by the brick mill buildings lining its shores. The few canoeists who managed to paddle past the railroad bridge were rewarded by seeing the same—a hydroelectric plant and industrial buildings lining the banks. Many more canoes were turned back by the rushing water, which spun them in a circle and hurried them back to the Merrimack.

Further downstream, it seemed as if the group had gone back in time to when Thoreau had paddled this stretch. They floated past a spot along the east bank that had been scarred by erosion. Curt Laffin, who had been on the last Source to the Sea trip five years earlier, had shown them a slide of the same spot. The developer of the land had torn away the trees and brush that had protected the sandy soil, Laffin told them, and it had eroded badly. Five years later the group could still see the damage.

And 150-years earlier, Thoreau saw similar evidence of erosion, a small desert on the east bank, just a few miles downstream. An old inhabitant who was working his field nearby told Thoreau that he remembered when the land had been a farm.

The fishermen had pulled up the bushes along the banks to make it easier to haul their seine. "And when the bank was thus broken the wind began to blow up the sand from the shore, until at length it had covered about 15 acres several feet deep," Thoreau wrote. Will mankind never learn?

My last day of the trip was the most important for the core group. It signalled the end of the trip's journey through NH, a journey that started under the watchful eye of the Old Man of the Mountains in Franconia Notch along the shore of Profile Lake. A scant half hour into DAY 12's 15-mile stretch, the group silently flowed out of NH and into Massachusetts. There was no bright yellow line to mark the division, yet it could be felt. More and more riverfront homes popped into view as we floated through Tyngsborough and Chelmsford. At a lunch stop in Tyngsborough, the MA contingent of environmental officials and news media joined the trip. The sole representative of NH still with the trip tearfully left the group that day.

The water was a dingy, dirty deep brown here. I could only see a few inches of my paddle when I dipped it into the water. I thought of how far the Merrimack has come in its cleanup effort. And I thought of how much further it has to go.

—Maria Welych



MA Senator Nicholas Costello congratulates Pete Lavigne and the Source to the Sea crew at Salisbury beach. MA Rep. Barbara Hildt was also on hand to welcome the canoeists back from their 16-day adventure.

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Criminal Charges for Paddling the Lehigh!

by Dr. Larry Skinner (from Philadelphia Canoe Club *CANNEWS*)

Saturday and Sunday, May 6th & 7th, 1989 marked an unprecedented action by state park rangers in the Lehigh Gorge State Park. The park superintendent made an uninformed decision to "close the river" both days for safety reasons. Dr. Larry Skinner and Ted Newton informed them that may not have the authority to close the river and that someone should challenge this discriminatory action or that it would remain unjust. Believing the point was sufficiently made, Larry and Ted decided to avoid state park egos and paddle a rarely runnable tributary. They picked up Tony Malikowski on route and had a beautiful and exciting class V descent. They were arrested at the Rockport takeout after dark. The charge was defiant trespass, a grade three misdemeanor, carrying a possible \$2500.00 fine and/or one year in prison.

The Lehigh River carries an official designation as a navigable waterway and comes under the federal jurisdiction of the Army Corps of Engineers, Philadelphia District and the U.S. Coast Guard. Shared jurisdiction with the states is available under federal law, but was never acquired by the state of Pennsylvania.

Everyone skilled to safely attempt Class III whitewater was discriminated against with, at best, questionable jurisdictional

authority. (The State does not close the Yough at any level even though the state has obtained this jurisdictional exception over a navigable waterway. Instead they respond by supplying staff to responsibly inform boaters of the changing difficulty factors).

At the preliminary hearing, the park superintendant admitted he may only have the authority to close the accesses (still questionable) but, he still maintains that there was still defiant trespass at Rockport.

So, the paddlers were deemed legal on the river, but the only safe takeout was closed for safety reasons. The non-criminal recourse (had they known Rockport was closed), was to paddle outside the park, 16 more miles in the dark, at 8,000 cfs! In light of the ensuing hassle, it would have been a very acceptable risk for these skilled paddlers. The presiding magistrate refused to make a jurisdictional decision and passed it on to a judge.

Our wonderful judicial system presumes one is innocent until proven guilty, but the ability to prove innocence is completely dependent upon one's ability to afford defence. One becomes guilty by default. Legal costs to date exceed \$3400.00 and promise to triple! An adverse decision could set a dangerous precedent on our backyard river (not to mention all oth-

er rivers - RICA Editor). If you can, please contribute to the Lehigh Gorge Outdoor Club Legal Defense Fund or call Larry Skinner at (717)443-8075.

SPECIAL NOTE FROM

P.C.C. EDITOR:

1) We all must be aware that kayaking is not a sport that takes place in a vacuum. Unlike other sports that have been around for many years, and have endured their own growing pains, whitewater kayaking is, in many ways, still in its infancy. Governmental authorities clearly perceive us as a collective nuisance. The mentality that affects our recourse to the nation's waterways, is the same mentality that has provided us with the Point Pleasant Pumping Station, and other compromises designed to make life "right" for those in power.

The politics of whitewater sports is a subject that is important to all of us. We should know what's going on, because every day some group is trying diligently to restrict our access. Public consciousness counts. Be aware.

2) Larry Skinner is an instructor for the American Canoe Association. He is not only certified to teach instructors, but is also certified to teach instructors to be instructor trainers like himself... I think Larry deserves our consideration in this matter. -D. Reese

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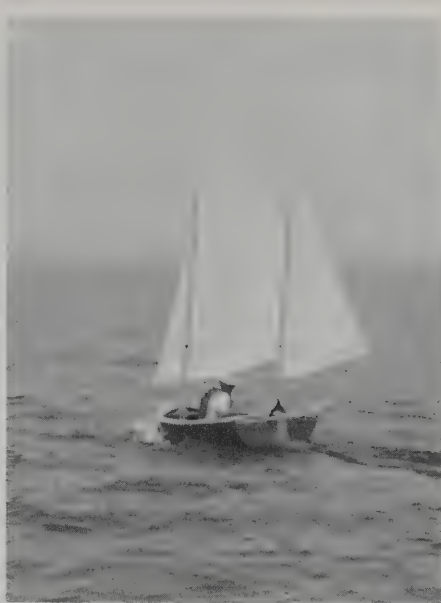
Fred Shell's kit boats have been gaining ever wider recognition as superbly designed, easy-to-assemble small craft for the person not yet ready for building from scratch. The little boats not only go together very easily (Fred "pre-assembles" each one dry before shipping it out) but sail and row better than their short beamy hulls promise. Fred's designs have also gained in size from the 7' "Leif", now the top of the line is his 19' "Great Blue Heron" with its optional removable cabin.

This past summer Fred returned to his 7' "Leif" with a new concept, he would add a mizzen with mast mounted right on the transom and a boomkin out back made up of two extensions of the rubrails carried back beyond the transom in fair curves until they met. With this split rigged seven footer, Fred had a lot of fun on nearby Lake Champlain, but it wasn't really big enough to easily share with another adult. So Fred upsized the design to 9' and has a winner.

We stopped by Fred's new shop outside of St. Albans, Vermont, on our way to Clayton, New York in early August. Fred had to move after local town zoning threatened to close up his one man shop at his former home. Fred and Debbie found a buyer for that place, and bought about 40 acres in a nearby town that offered no zoning objections to a one man boat shop. Fred took off the summer of 1988 from building his kits to put up a spacious home for his family of four daughters. Like his boats, his own design and built himself. In three months.

Fred was at work on the old Singer in his shop (which he built before the house, as a base for constructing the latter) sewing up the mizzen for the just completed 9' "Leif". Varnish was drying on the spars in the late afternoon sun. Fred wastes no time at his work, that sail went together in a couple of hours, from cutting out to final fitting of grommets. He and I easily picked up the "Leif" hull to move it inside at supertime, it weighs about 60 pounds, with its interior seats and floor glued in providing more comfortable sprawling room than an empty hull as well as ample flotation.

The wind was blowing at 15 knots the next morning, creating a short little chop on nearby St. Albans Bay when Fred cartopped the boat on his maxivan the three miles from his shop to the public park and launching site. He and I easily got it onto the van and off again, despite the disparity in our heights. In five minutes the mainmast, main and jib were fitted and it was sea trial time. Fred sailed out into the bay on a beat, the little craft bobbing in the chop but making quite impressive progress. He was soon back, though.

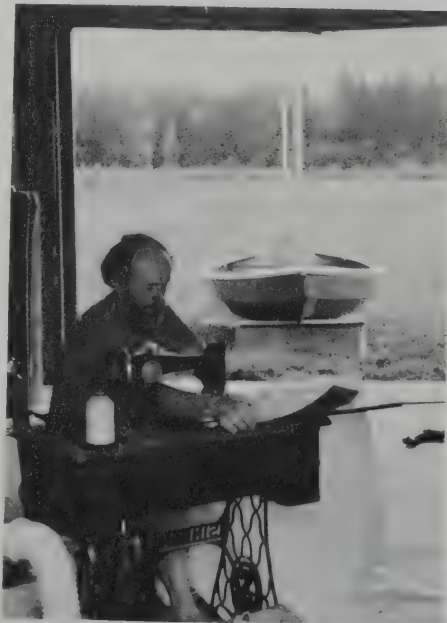


Fred Shell Turns Out a New "Leif"

Time for the boost of a mizzen. The mizzen mast bolts to the transom through a yoke arrangement, the boomkin struts slip into slots in the upper corners of the transom and bolt together. In another five minutes the whole 52 square feet of sail was up and ready. This time the "Leif" accelerated away from the ramp noticeably faster than with the main and jib alone. Fred made several passes to windward, reaching and then running and then came in to pick me up.

Fred sat in the stern, I sat forward just behind the mainmast to

Sewing up the mizzen.



balance the little hull, and off we went up into that southwest wind. The chop made the boat bob, but the splatting of the waves off the bow flew out and away and we were amazingly dry. The 4-1/2' beam provided an awful lot of room, the footwell made sprawling on the seats and interior foredeck comfortable with solid bracing for our feet on a tack.

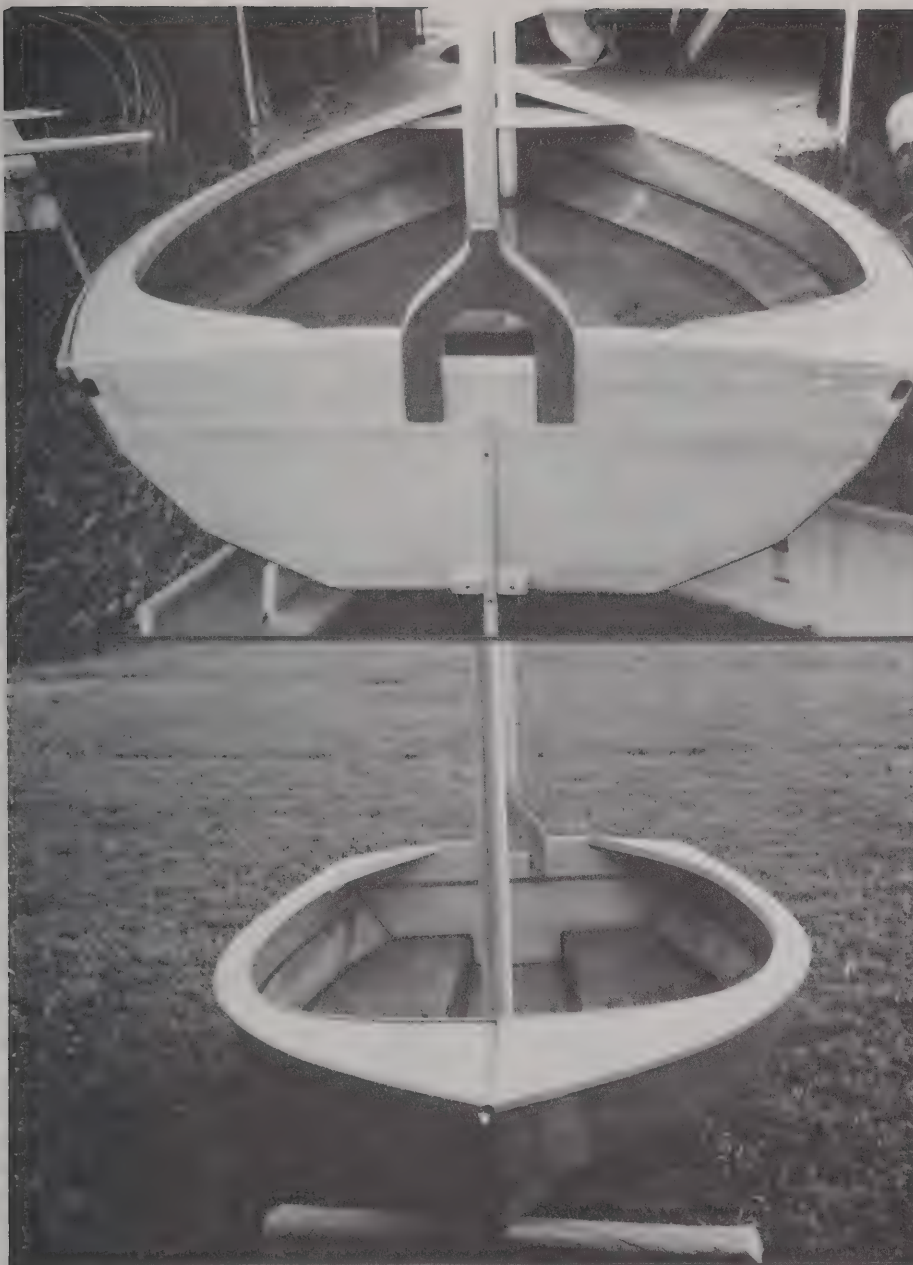
Fred doesn't use centerboards or daggerboards, but has a shallow full length keel fitted. Even with this, draft is barely 10". The only adverse aspect of this comes when beaching, the stainless shoe on the keel takes the crunch but then the boats tips to the side when hauled beyond the 10" or so depth. The keel makes the very short hull track nicely and the boat still spins around on a tack or jibe almost instantly. Even on this first outing, Fred was able to balance the rig so she tromped along to windward no hands.

I was amazed at the stability, we both sat to windward when Fred sheeted in all three sails hard on the wind, but the boat hardly heeled at all and we had no need at all to hang out. This stability comes from that big beam obviously, but why does so short and plump a boat move along so nicely! Fred's done something right here. I figured in that breeze we'd just kind of sit there and bob up and down trying to go to windward. But no, she had a nice bone in her teeth and made steady progress.

Fred's busy making kits and even doing a couple of complete boats for clients who want to skip the home building part. A 19' "Great Blue Heron" was in the works when Fred got onto the "Leif 9" sidetrack, he's susceptible to the allure of creating a new design when he should be turning out the existing ones to order. He's booked up pretty much into winter with orders, as he refuses to assume the added responsibility of hired help and the training they'd need to learn his methods.

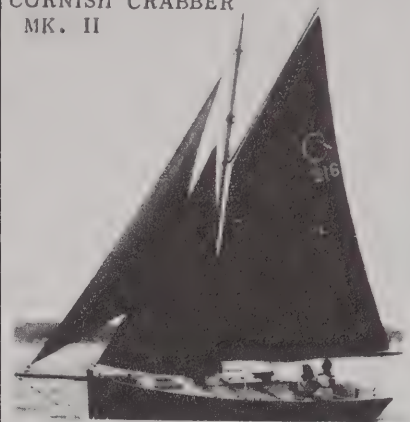
Fred's boats are glued lap construction. He precuts all the parts, bevels those needing it, and dry fits the whole kit together with a few screws and a power screwdriver. Then he marks various places mentioned in the instructions with pencil before taking it apart for crating and shipping. It's hard to see how anyone could have problems putting one of these kits together. Fred arranges separate shipment of an epoxy resin kit direct from a distributor, and supplies the sail and rigging hardware for sailing versions ready to go.

Fred will send you his detailed catalogue of kits for \$2, request it from Shell Boats, RD 2 Box 289C, St. Albans, VT 05478. You can talk to Fred about the new "Leif 9", or any of his kits, at (802) 524-9645.



From the top: The mizzen fits over the transom with this bolt-on yoke arrangement. Interior has glued-in seats and floor providing flotation and a most comfortable sprawling area. Fred's shop has flow-through ventilation in summer, is well insulated for those long Champlain winters.

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Three New DK's

Stitch and glue kayak and canoe designer Dennis Davis of England has three new designs now available, he first built the prototypes for display at the Wooden Boat Show in London in early June.

He reports he's been unable to test row the new DK20 rowing shell pictured as there does not seem to be a maker of drop-in sliding seat rigs in the UK. Dennis has contacted Owen Cecil of Manistee, Michigan, about possibly supplying his home built sliding seat rig plans to builders of the DK20. Dennis will be very interested to hear from early builders of the DK20 about this subject. He notes that the 19'9"x25" hull is pictured with the maximum length decks possible if the entire boat is to be cut from just two sheets of ply. Shown are an 8' foredeck and 7' afterdeck. Shorter decks can be fitted, of course, and this is dealt with in the building instructions.

The short DK22 is a smaller volume sea kayak at 13, 1-1/2"x24" with a 24" cockpit. Dennis is pleased with its performance, its more stable than the DK's and handles nicely. But its rockered keel line and shallow ends make it more difficult to build. The stages of construction are pictured. Deck beams laminated from leftover pieces of ply make it possible to build the entire boat from just two 4'x8' sheets of ply plus a keelson and two inwales.

The DK21 is a 15'10"x22-1/4" sea kayak which handles much like the DD17 hard chine version but has less volume with its round bottom hull.

Dennis will send you a complete illustrated leaflet describing all 14 designs he now offers by air mail for \$2. Dennis Davis, The Flat, Himbleton Manor, Droitchich, Worcs. WR9 7LE, England.

From the top: The DK20 rowing shell is shown with maximum decking if boat is built from just two sheets of ply. Dennis at ease in his 13' DK22. A local kayak instructor gives the DK21 a workout.



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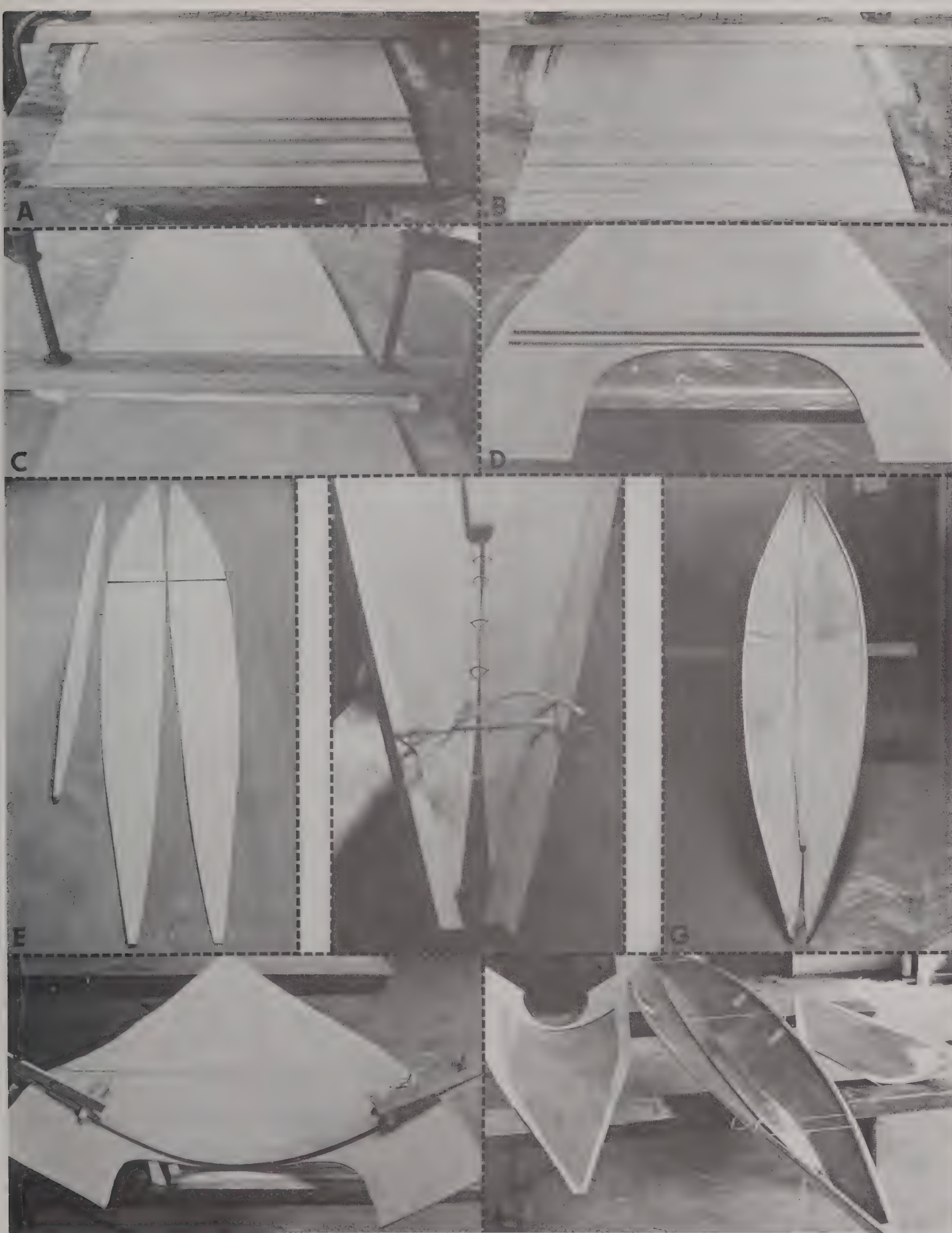
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Putting together a DK kayak. A & B: Setting up and cutting the scarfs in the ply sheets. C: Clamping the glued scarfs. D: The foredeck with strips that will be laminated into deck beams. E: Bottom panels and keel piece. F: Pulling together the ends with twine as Spanish windlass. G: Bottom about assembled. H: Deck with beam pulled to proper curvature with twine, and glued up. I: Hull and deck pieces glued up and ready for assembly.



VOYAGE OF THE PAPER CANOE:

A GEOGRAPHICAL JOURNEY OF 2500 MILES, FROM
QUEBEC TO THE GULF OF MEXICO,

DURING THE YEARS 1874-5.

BY

NATHANIEL H. BISHOP,

CHAPTER XIV.

ST. MARY'S RIVER AND THE SUWANEE WILDERNESS.

A PORTAGE TO DUTTON. — DESCENT OF THE ST. MARY'S RIVER.

I NOW ascended the beautiful St. Mary's River, which flows from the great Okefenokee Swamp. The state of Georgia was on my right hand, and Florida on my left. Pretty hammocks dotted the marshes, while the country presented peculiar and interesting characteristics. When four miles from Cumberland Sound, the little city of St. Mary's, situated on the Georgia side of the river, was before me; and I went ashore to make inquiries concerning the route to Okefenokee Swamp.

My object was to get information about the upper St. Mary's River, from which I proposed to make a portage of thirty-five or forty miles in a westerly direction to the Suwanee River, upon arriving at which I would descend to the Gulf of Mexico. My efforts, both at St. Mary's and Fernandina, on the Florida side of Cumberland Sound, to obtain any reliable information upon this matter, were unsuccessful. A settlement at Trader's Hill, about seventy-five miles up the St. Mary's River, was the geographical limit of local knowledge, while I wished to ascend the river at least one hundred miles beyond that point.

Believing that if I explored the uninhabited sources of the St. Mary's, I should be compelled

to return without finding any settler upon its banks at the proper point of departure for a portage to the Suwanee, it became necessary to abandon all idea of ascending this river. I could not, however, give up the exploration of the route. In this dilemma, a kindly written letter seemed to solve the difficulties. Messrs. Dutton & Rixford, northern gentlemen, who possessed large facilities for the manufacture of resin and turpentine at their new settlements of Dutton, six miles from the St. Mary's River, and at Rixford, near the Suwanee, kindly proposed that I should take my canoe by railroad from Cumberland Sound to Dutton. From that station Mr. Dutton offered to transport the boat through the wilderness to the St. Mary's River, which could be from that point easily descended to the sea. The Suwanee River, at Rixford, could be reached by rail, and the voyage would end at its debouchure on the marshy coast of the Gulf of Mexico.

Hon. David Yulee, president and one-third owner of the A. G. & W. I. T. C. Railroad, which connects the Atlantic coast at Fernandina with the Gulf coast at Cedar Keys, offered me the free use of his long railroad, for any purpose of exploration, &c., while his son, Mr. C. Wickliffe Yulee, exerted himself to remove all impediments to delay.

These gentlemen, being native Floridians, have done much towards encouraging all legitimate exploration of the peninsula, and have also done something towards putting a check on the outrageous impositions practised on northern agricultural emigrants to Florida, by encouraging the organization of a railroad land-company, which offers a forty-acre homestead for fifty dollars, to be selected out of nearly six hundred thousand acres of land along their highway across the state. A man of comparatively small means can now try the experiment of making a home in the mild climate of Florida, and if he afterwards abandons the enterprise there will have been but a small investment of capital, and consequently little loss.

The turpentine distillery of Dutton was situated in a heavy forest of lofty pines. Major C. K. Dutton furnished a team of mules to haul the Maria Theresa to the St. Mary's River, the morning after my arrival by rail at Dutton Station. The warm sunshine shot aslant the tall

piners as the teamster followed a faintly developed trail towards the swamps. Before noon the flashing waters of the stream were discernible, and a little later, with paddle in hand, I was urging the canoe towards the Atlantic coast. A luxurious growth of trees and shrubs fringed the low, and in some places submerged, river shores. Back, on the higher, sandy soils, the yellow pine forests, in almost primeval grandeur, arose, shutting out all view of the horizon. Low bluffs, with white, sandy beaches of a few rods in extent, offered excellent camping-grounds.

When the Cracker of Okefenokee Swamp is asked why he lives in so desolate a region, with only a few cattle and hogs for companions, with mosquitoes, fleas, and vermin about him, with alligators, catamounts, and owls on all sides, making night hideous, he usually replies, "Wal, stranger, wood and water is so *powerful* handy. Sich privileges ain't met with everywhar."

As I glided swiftly down the dark current I peered into the dense woods, hoping to be cheered by the sight of a settler's cabin; but in all that day's search not a clearing could be found, nor could I discern rising from the tree-tops of the solitary forest a little cloud of smoke issuing from the chimney of civilized man. I was alone in the vast wilds through which the beautiful river flowed noiselessly but swiftly to the sea. Thoreau loved a swamp, and so do all lovers of nature, for nowhere else does she so bountifully show her vigorous powers of growth, her varied wealth of botanical wonders. Here the birds resort in flocks when weary of the hot, sandy uplands, for here they find pure water, cool shade, and many a curious glossy berry for their dainty appetites.

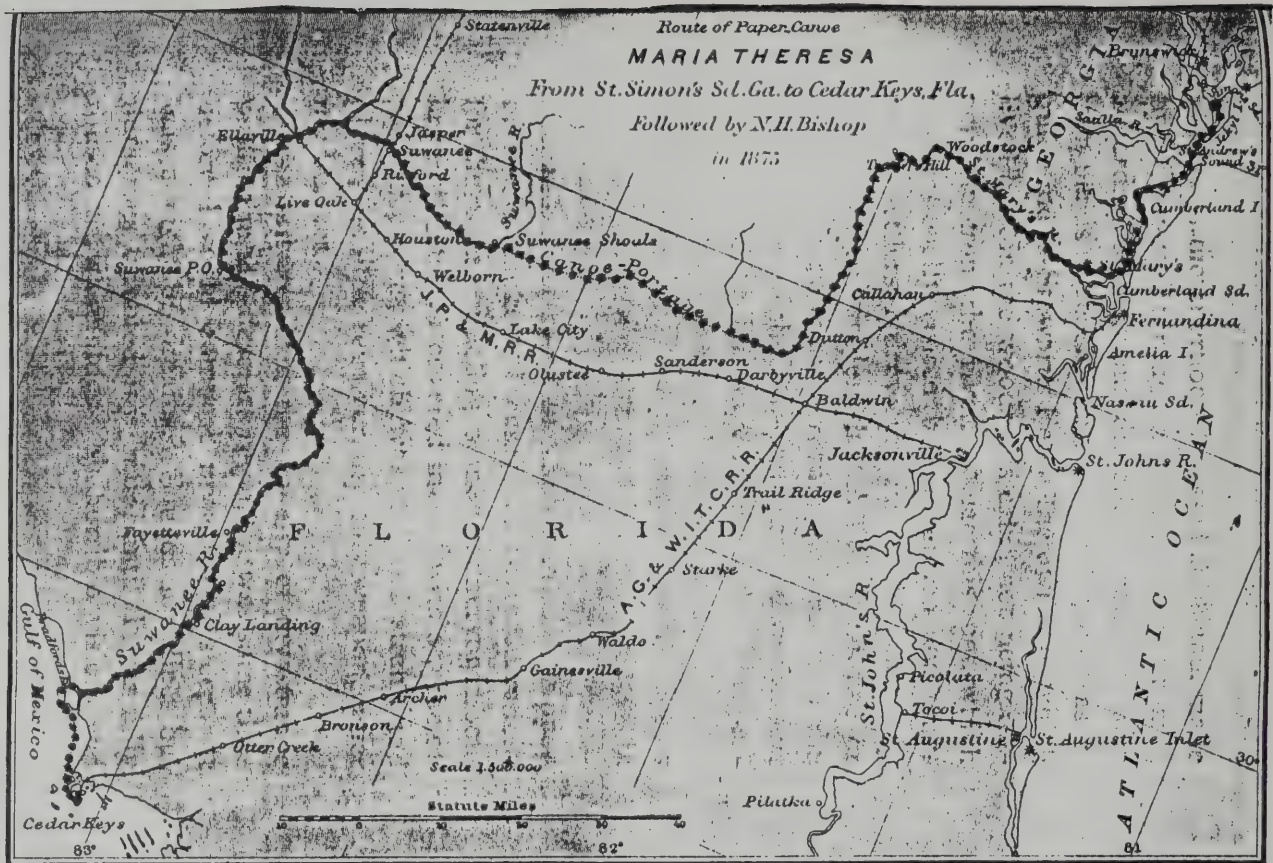
As the little Maria Theresa sped onward through the open forest and tangled wild-wood, through wet morass and piny upland, my thoughts dwelt upon the humble life of the Concord naturalist and philosopher. How he would have enjoyed the descent of this wild river from the swamp to the sea! He had left us for purer delights; but I could enjoy his "Walden" as though he still lived, and read of his studies of nature with ever-increasing interest.

Swamps have their peculiar features. Those of the Waccamaw were indeed desolate, while the swamps of the St. Mary's were full of sunshine for the traveller. Soon after the canoe

had commenced her river journey, a sharp sound, like that produced by a man striking the water with a broad, flat stick, reached my ears. As this sound was frequently repeated, and always in advance of my boat, it roused my curiosity. It proved to come from alligators. One after another slipped off the banks, striking the water with their tails as they took refuge in the river from the disturber of their peace. To observe the movements of these reptiles I ran the canoe within two rods of the left shore, and by rapid paddling was enabled to arrive opposite a creature as he entered the water. When thus confronted, the alligator would depress his ugly head, lash the water once with his tail, and dive under the canoe, a most thoroughly alarmed animal. All these alligators were mere babies, very few being over four feet long. Had they been as large as the one which greeted me at Colonel's Island, I should not have investigated their dispositions, but would have considered discretion the better part of valor, and left them undisturbed in their sun-baths on the banks.

In all my experience with the hundreds of alligators I have seen in the southern rivers and swamps of North America, every one, both large and small, fled at the approach of man. The experience of some of my friends in their acquaintance with American alligators has been of a more serious nature. It is well to exercise care about camping at night close to the water infested with large saurians, as one of these strong fellows could easily seize a sleeping man by the leg and draw him into the river. They do not seem to fear a recumbent or bowed figure, but, like most wild animals, flee before the *upright* form of man.

Late in the afternoon I passed an island, made by a "cut-off" through a bend of the river, and, according to previous directions, counted fourteen bends or reaches in the river which was to guide me to Stewart's Ferry, the owner of which lived back in the woods, his cabin not being discernible from the river. Near this spot, which is occasionally visited by lumbermen and piny-woods settlers, I drew my canoe on to a sandy beach one rod in length. A little bluff, five or six feet above the water, furnished me with the broad leaves of the saw-palmetto, a dwarfish sort of palm, which I arranged for a bed. The provision-basket was placed at my head. A little



fire of light-wood cheered me for a while, but its bright flame soon attracted winged insects in large numbers. Having made a cup of chocolate, and eaten some of Captain Akin's chipped beef and crackers, I continued my preparations for the night. Feeling somewhat nervous about large alligators, I covered myself with a piece of painted canvas, which was stiff and strong, and placed the little revolver, my only weapon, under my blanket.

As I fully realized the novelty of my strange position in this desolate region, it was some time before I could compose myself and sleep. It was a night of dreams. Sounds indistinct but numerous troubled my brain, until I was fully roused to wakefulness by horrible visions and doleful cries. The chuck-will's-widow, which in the south supplies the place of our whip-poorwill, repeated his oft-told tale of "chuck-will's-widow, chuck-will's-widow," with untiring earnestness. The owls hooted wildly, with a chorus of cries from animals and reptiles not recognizable by me, excepting the snarling voices of the coons fighting in the forest. These last were old acquaintances, however, as they frequently gathered round my camp at night to pick up the remains of supper.

While I listened, there rose a cry so hideous in its character and so belligerent in its tone, that I trembled with fear upon my palm-leaf mattress. It resembled the bellowing of an infuriated bull, but was louder and more penetrating in its effect. The proximity of this animal was indeed unpleasant, for he had planted himself on the river's edge, near the little bluff upon which my camp had been constructed. The loud roar was answered by a similar bellow from the other side of the river, and for a long time did these two male alligators keep up their challenging cries, without coming to combat. Numerous wood-mice attacked my provision-basket, and even worked their way through the leaves of my palmetto mattress.

Thus with an endless variety of annoyances the night wore wearily away, but the light of the rising sun did not penetrate the thick fog which enveloped the river until after eight o'clock, when I embarked for a second day's journey upon the stream, which had now attained a width of five or six rods. Rafts of logs blocked the river as I approached the settlement of Trader's Hill, and upon a most insecure footing the canoe was dragged over a quarter of a mile of logs, and put into the water on the lower side of the

"jam." Crossing several of these log "jams," which covered the entire width of the St. Mary's, I became weary of the task, and, after the last was reached, determined to go into camp until the next day, when suddenly the voices of men in the woods were heard.

Soon a gentleman, with two raftsmen, appeared and kindly greeted me. They had been notified of my approach at Trader's Hill by a courier sent from Dutton across the woods, and these men, whose knowledge of wood-craft is wonderful, had timed my movements so correctly that they had arrived just in time to meet me at this point. The two raftsmen rubbed the canoe all over with their hands, and expressed delight at its beautiful finish in their own peculiar vernacular.

"She's the dog-gonedest thing I ever seed, and jist as putty as a new coffin!" exclaimed one.

"Indeed, she's the handsomest trick I ever did blink on," said the second.

The two stalwart lumbermen lifted the boat as though she were but a feather, and carried her, jumping from log to log, the whole length of the raft. They then put her gently in the water, and added to their farewell the cheering intelligence that "there's no more jams nor rafts 'twixt here and the sea, and you can go clar on to New York if you like."

Trader's Hill, on a very high bluff on the left bank, was soon passed, when the current seemed suddenly to cease, and I felt the first tidal effect of the sea, though many miles from the coast. The tide was flooding. I now laid aside the paddle, and putting the light steel outriggers in their sockets, rapidly rowed down the now broad river until the shadows of night fell upon forest and stream, when the comfortable residence of Mr. Lewis Davis, with his steam saw-mill, came into sight upon Orange Bluff, on the Florida side of the river. Here a kind welcome greeted me from host and hostess, who had dwelt twenty years in this romantic but secluded spot. There were orange-trees forty years old on this property, and all in fine bearing order. There was also a fine sulphur spring near the house.

Mr. Davis stated that, during a residence of twenty years in this charming locality, he had experienced but one attack of chills. He considered the St. Mary's River, on account of the purity of its waters, one of the healthiest of

southern streams. The descent of this beautiful river now became a holiday pastime. Though there were but few signs of the existence of man, the scenery was of a cheering character. A brick-kiln, a few saw-mills, and an abandoned rice-plantation were passed, while the low salt-marshes, extending into the river from the forest-covered upland, gave evidence of the proximity to the sea. Large alligators were frequently seen sunning themselves upon the edges of the banks.

At dusk the town of St. Mary's, in its wealth of foliage, opened to my view from across the lowlands, and soon after the paper canoe was carefully stored in a building belonging to one of its hospitable citizens, while local authority asserted that I had traversed one hundred and seventy-five miles of the river.

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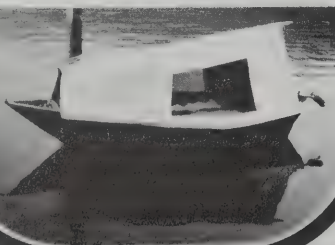
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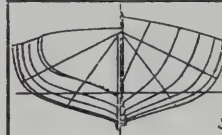
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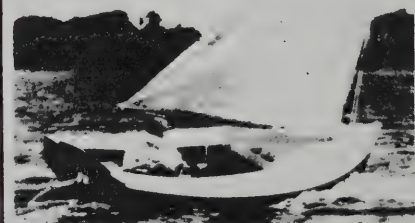
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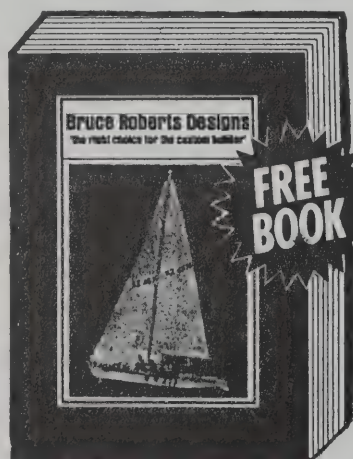
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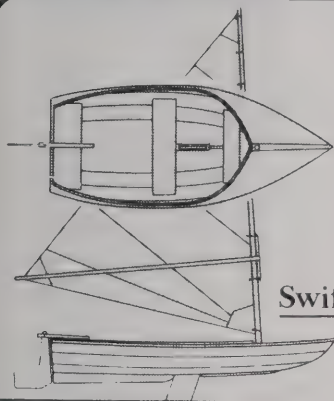
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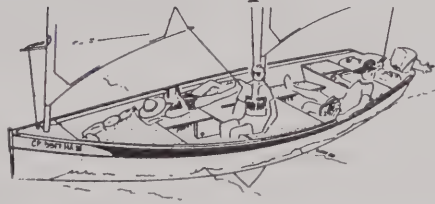
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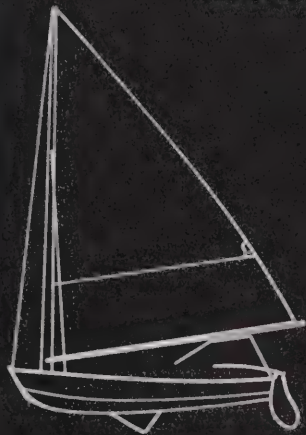
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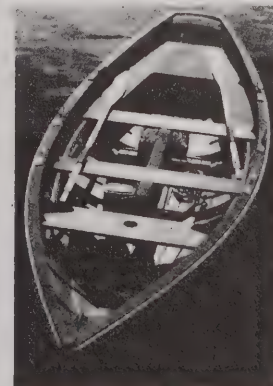
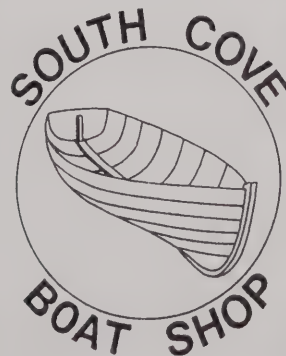
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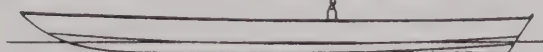


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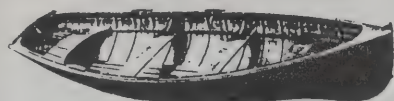
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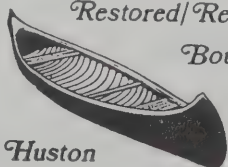
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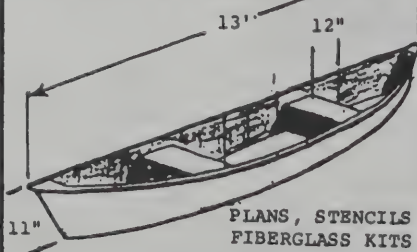
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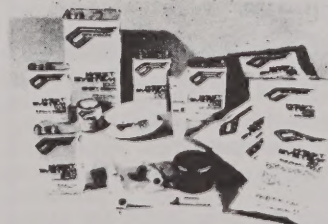
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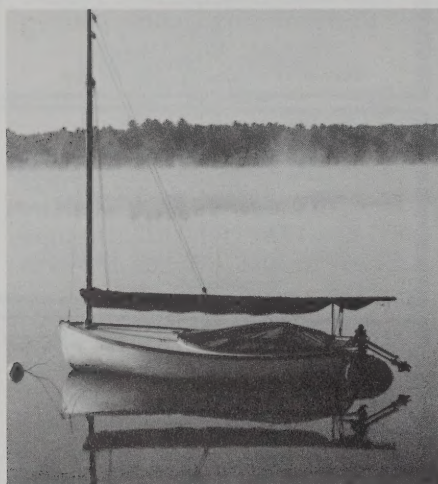
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CHARLES MAHALA, Youngstown, NY, (76) 745-3290. (20p)

"PROBLEMS IN SMALL BOAT DESIGN", a book comprising selected papers by members of the Society of Small Craft Designers, published by Sheridan House, 1959, 246 pages. Contains technical articles on scantling rules, noise and vibration problems, prop performance and more. Includes papers by Garden, Tarbox, Wittholz, others. As new, with dust jacket, \$25

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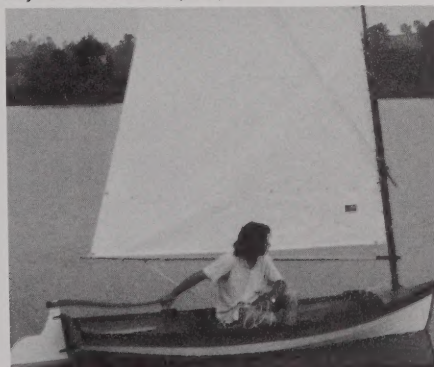
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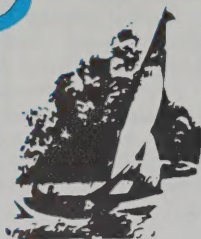
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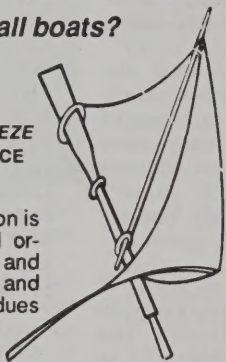
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